

Rolling Stone

A black and white photograph of Dr. Dre and Ice Cube. Dr. Dre is on the left, looking slightly to the right. Ice Cube is on the right, wearing a baseball cap and looking directly at the camera. The background is plain white.

Issue 1242 >> August 27, 2015
\$4.99

Dr. Dre & Ice Cube

The Original Gangstas
of N.W.A Tell All

Taibbi: On Board the GOP Clown Car

David Gilmour: Pink Floyd Is Dead

Is Apple Taking Over the Music Business?

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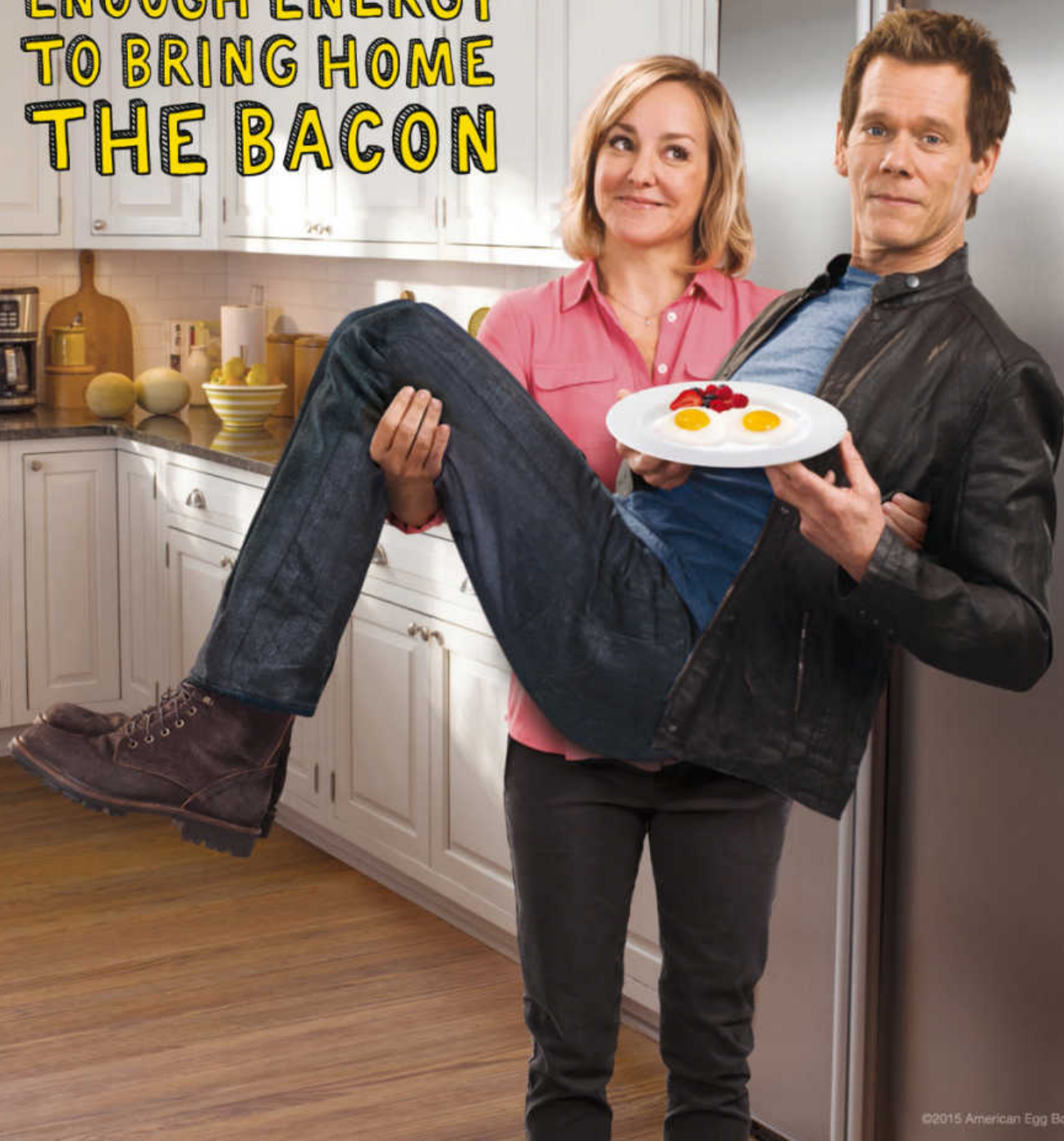
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RS1242 "All the NEWS THAT FITS"

FEATURES

44 American Gangstas

Inside the messy, prophetic rise of N.W.A, the most dangerous hip-hop group in the world.

By BRIAN HIATT

50 The Bee Killers

America's pollinators are vanishing, and a silent spring could become reality. Why won't the EPA do more?

By ALEX MORRIS

ROCK & ROLL

13 Apple Reinvents Radio

Beats 1 has become the company's secret weapon.

16 Gilmour's New Trip

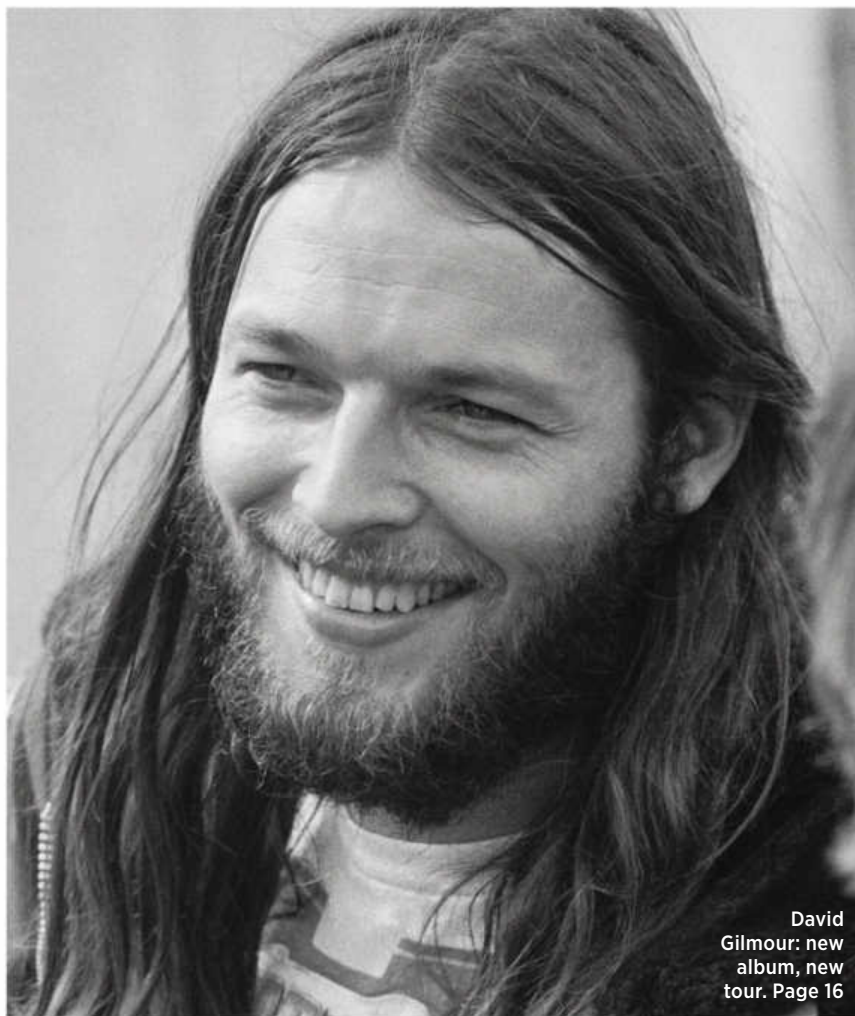
Pink Floyd's guitarist on his new solo album and why the Floyd is really, really over this time.

23 David Simon Gets Mad

The *Wire* creator on his new series and what's destroying American political discourse.

30 Fall Books Preview

From Tom Petty to Patti Smith, inside the season's best rock reads.



David Gilmour: new album, new tour. Page 16

DEPARTMENTS

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

38 The GOP Clown Car

Matt Taibbi on the road with the Republican Party circus.

RECORD REVIEWS

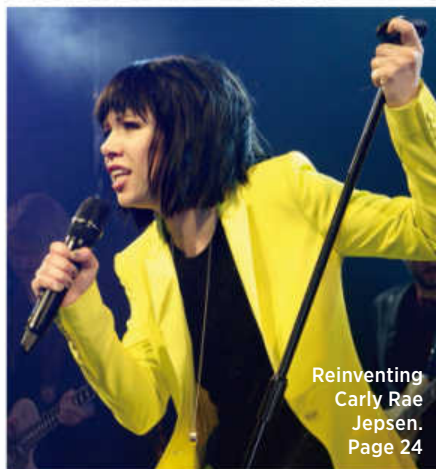
57 Back to 'Compton'

Dr. Dre sums up his legacy on a brilliant and confounding album.

MOVIES

63 Spy Movies Never Die

Can *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* find retro new life on film?



Reinventing Carly Rae Jepsen. Page 24



How Trump has shaken up the GOP. Page 38

ON THE COVER Dr. Dre (left) and Ice Cube photographed at Smashbox Studios, Culver City, California, July 14th, 2015, by **Mark Seliger**.

Dr. Dre: Styling by Dianne Garcia. Grooming by Kenny Hailey. Makeup by Amy Barkzi. T-shirt by Bon Choix Couture. Ice Cube: Styling by April Roomet. Grooming by Brett the Barber Mayo. Makeup by Debra Denson. Jacket by Barbour, T-shirt by James Perse.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: MICHAEL PUTLAND/GETTY IMAGES; SPENCER PLATT/GETTY IMAGES; ROB CABLE/REX SHUTTERSTOCK



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MAIN OFFICES
 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104-0298;
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NATIONAL MUSIC ADVERTISING: 441 Lexington Ave.,
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DIRECT-RESPONSE ADVERTISING: 212-484-4256
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CULTURE

MAKING RAVE DRUGS SAFER

"Festival promoters are extremely interested in making sure nobody dies at their festival," says Mitchell Gomez, DanceSafe's national outreach director. Read about the organizations trying to prevent bad trips and medical emergencies at music fests – and how the law is getting in the way.



VIDEO

HANGING OUT WITH MARINA

We spent a day with the U.K. singer Marina and the Diamonds, who's flying past her pop roots and winning legions of new fans. Presented by Transitions adaptive lenses.



PREMIERE

THE KING GOES CLASSICAL

Listen to a reworking of Elvis' hopeful song "If I Can Dream" by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and see why Priscilla Presley thinks he would have loved an orchestral LP.



VIDEO

UNLIKELY METAL HEROES

Depeche Mode have become a surprising touchstone for metal bands in the past 30 years. Marilyn Manson, Deftones and others tell us how the synth-pop group influenced them.

THIS WEEK ON

HUFFPOST

SO THAT HAPPENED PODCAST

We study the horrors and triumphs of the first Republican debate with hosts Zach Carter and Jason Linkins.

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ROLLING STONE (ISSN 0035-791X) is published biweekly except for the first issue in July and at year's end, when two issues are combined and published as double issues, by Wenner Media LLC, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104-0298. The entire contents of ROLLING STONE are copyright © 2015 by ROLLING STONE LLC, and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission. All rights are reserved. Canadian Goods and Service Tax Registration No. R125041855. International Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 450553. The subscription price is \$39.96 for one year. The Canadian subscription price is \$52.00 for one year, including GST, payable in advance. Canadian Postmaster: Send address changes and returns to P.O. Box 63, Malton CFC, Mississauga, Ontario L4T 3B5. The foreign subscription price is \$80.00 for one year, payable in advance. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Canada Post publication agreement #40683192. Postmaster: Send address changes to ROLLING STONE Customer Service, P.O. Box 62230, Tampa, FL 33662-2230.



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THE PLAYLIST

OUR FAVORITE SONGS, ALBUMS AND VIDEOS RIGHT NOW



1. Macklemore and Ryan Lewis featuring Ed Sheeran "Growing Up"

Seattle's finest rap duo have been laying low for a year – just long enough for you to stop humming "Thrift Shop" in your head. Get ready to do it all over again with their new single, a hell-a-sweet ballad dedicated to Macklemore's baby daughter. Awww!

4. Deafheaven "Brought to the Water"

Eight minutes of raw, screaming energy from the California metal crew. Play it on "repeat" at top volume, and the emotional catharsis will make up for any hearing loss that results.



2. The Weeknd "Can't Feel My Face" video

Remember when this guy was all about druggy bedroom jams? Now he's gone all Michael Jackson – witness the clip for his latest unbelievably catchy pop smash, where he's so hot he literally catches on fire.



5. Prince "Stare"

Suffering from a severe groove deficiency? No worries: Nine out of 10 funk doctors recommend checking out this superfly single from His Purple Majesty to get your levels right back where they need to be. (Please note: Funk doctors do not necessarily have actual medical degrees.)



3. Laura Marling "Do I Ever Cross Your Mind" YouTube ▲

After seeing this clip from the English folk singer's recent tour, where she covers a lovely old Dolly Parton tune, we know it'll be crossing our minds all the time.

6. Mark Ronson "I Sat by the Ocean"

The Midas-touched pop producer and a supergroup including Tame Impala's Kevin Parker put a chilled-out spin on this Queens of the Stone Age jam in a radio performance.

7. YG "Twist My Fingaz" ◀

The man behind 2014's excellent *My Krazy Life* comes back even harder on his new single, kicking slick flows over a classic-sounding G-funk beat.

EXPERT OPINION



Gene Simmons

We asked the Kiss co-founder – who joined the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame with the band last year – to tell us what he thinks of five songs.

CLASSIC

Patti Smith "Free Money"

This is actually one of the better-written songs on *Horses*. Patti sounds plaintive, and then she spits out the lyrics, which she does better than almost anyone.

The Kinks "Dedicated Follower of Fashion"

One of my all-time favorite bands. I wish more modern bands listened to and absorbed the Kinks.

The Bee Gees "I Started a Joke"

The pre-disco-era Bee Gees wrote and recorded some of the great pop songs, almost on a Beatles level, like this Robin Gibb lead vocal.

NEW

Kendrick Lamar "For Free?"

Hilarious. "This dick ain't free," Lamar says. Indeed! Lesson well learned.

Lamb of God "512"

While I like the backing track here, I must confess this type of vocal styling – what would happen if a werewolf tried singing? – just ain't my thing. Not that I'm claiming I can sing, mind you.

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LOVE LETTERS
& ADVICE



It's Kim's World

I WAS GENUINELY SURPRISED by the Kim Kardashian cover story ["American Woman," RS 1239/1240]. Vanessa Grigoriadis wrote a funny, subtle profile about an American reality star who, it turns out, is charmingly self-aware.

Toni Royce, via the Internet

KARDASHIAN'S CONCEPTUALIZATION of world affairs – Vladimir Putin's annexation of the Ukraine, the crisis in the Middle East and her "obsession with contouring" – was breathtaking.

David Kutz, Santa Fe, NM

BRAVO TO KANYE WEST FOR his supportive response to Caitlyn Jenner's transition. I'm sorry that she made Kim keep her secret for so long, though. That was totally unfair.

Ed Lancaster, via the Internet

VERY DISAPPOINTED TO SEE Kardashian on the cover of RS. I had no issue with the Dzhokhar Tsarnaev cover, but Kardashian showcasing her cleavage just makes me sad. Are we that vapid that this is all we want to be informed about?

*Meg Morrissey-Prodrumou
Winchester, MA*

A Dark Knight

SUPERB PIECE ON SUGE Knight and the implosion of Death Row ["The Fall of Suge

The Frequent Flyer

In his first story for the magazine, Ben Wofford profiled Ben Schlappig, star of a global online community of travel obsessives and gamers who target airlines' loopholes to fly around the world first-class for free ["Up in the Air," RS 1239/1240]. ROLLING STONE readers responded.

SUCH A WELL-WRITTEN article about a very interesting guy. But is nonstop champagne and caviar really all that glamorous when you're sleeping on a plane every single night? How well-traveled can you be when all you've explored in a country is the airport terminal?

Kim Thompson, Corning, NY

I FLEW CONSTANTLY FOR work in my twenties and thirties, international and domestic, but my body couldn't withstand the toll. I find the game of playing the airlines fascinating and might just go delve back into it. Schlappig is following his passion. He's not hurting anybody, and he's sharing valuable information with people who are interested.

*Rodger Strickland
Via the Internet*

LIKE SCHLAPPIG, I WAS fascinated by airplanes as a kid. I, however, chose to learn how to fly and get paid to do it rather than sit back and exploit it.

Brad Haskin, Seattle

THE OBJECTIVE OF THE Hobby may be traveling, but it's not the kind of travel ex-

perience I'd find remotely satisfying. Also, while not technically illegal, potentially gaming the system is immoral. It's easy to think you're teaching a lesson to big, faceless conglomerates, but you're really in it for your own ends.

*Raymond J. Mark
Via the Internet*

SCHLAPPIG'S LIFE SOUNDS a lot better than being stuck in a miserable, soul-crushing



job you hate. Which probably describes 90 percent of humanity.

Chris Comte, Seattle

SCHLAPPIG APPEARS TO have far more contact with employees of major airlines than he does with any kind of close and intimate friends. He also spends much more time online than he does in the capital cities he flies to. I find that fascinating, but also profoundly lonely.

*Mary Ellen McDonald
Via the Internet*

Knight," RS 1239/1240]. Who knew that Dre and Suge both had children with Michelle? Or that Suge wants 10 percent of Dre's Apple deal? RS brings together stories like no one else.

Doug C., New York

THE SUGE STORY LEFT ME feeling conflicted. I was disgusted by his bullying and infidelity, shocked that his parents are still together and happily married, and strangely moved by the fact that he gave \$30,000

worth of toys to sick kids. Knight may be many things, but predictable is not one of them.

Dave Steinfeld, New York

Liberal Lion

YOU BASTARDS! LIKE MANY of my liberal friends, I had written Bernie Sanders off as a candidate who could not capture the office ["Weekend With Bernie," RS 1239/1240]. His history as an underdog and his humble persona, as reported by Mark Binelli, made me believe he might be able to pull it off.

*Jonathan Lathrop
Los Alamos, NM*

PROUD OF MY HOME STATE of Vermont, Democrats and Republicans alike, for supporting Sanders over the years. If you want the true measure of Bernie, talk to conservatives in Vermont whose trust and vote he has earned, despite his unwavering honesty about his progressive views. His record of speaking for struggling middle-class Americans is genuine.

John Renaud, Long Beach, CA

WITH A PIECE ON SANDERS in the same issue, you go and put Kim on the cover?

John Petrella, via the Internet

Mumford Misfire

WHILE READING PATRICK Doyle's great piece on Mumford & Sons ["Mumford's New Road," RS 1239/1240], I cringed when Marcus referred to his sick bandmate as looking "fucking awesome. He looked like something out of *Schindler's List*."

Randy MacShara, Fairport, NY

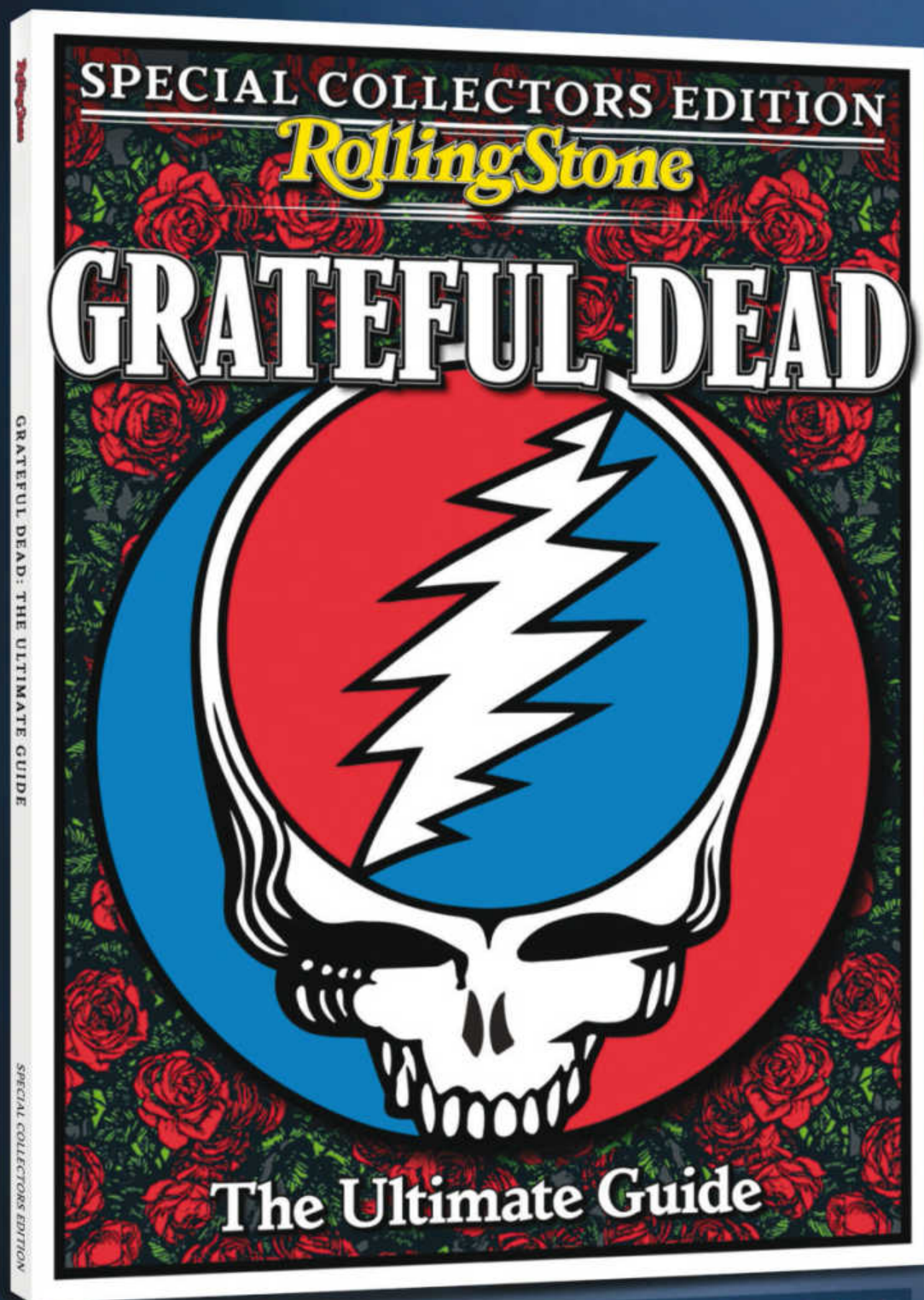
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Rock & Roll

ONSTAGE 'HAMILTON' TAKES BROADWAY PG. 18 | Q&A JEFF TWEEDY PG. 32



Radio, Radio

Clockwise from top
left: Beats 1 DJs
Annie Clark (St.
Vincent); Elton John;
Pharrell Williams
and Scott Vener.

Inside Apple's Music Moves

The company may be winning the streaming wars – will it take over the music industry?

By Steve Appleford

AS OF EARLY AUGUST, APPLE Music, the company's long-awaited on-demand streaming service, seemed to be a success: Overcoming technical glitches and complaints about a complex interface, Apple announced 11 million trial-subscription sign-ups in five weeks – more than half of chief competitor Spotify's paid international user base. But the music industry was at least as happy about another aspect

of Apple's musical efforts: the company's free Beats 1 online radio station focusing on new music, which broadcasts live 24/7. "It's exciting," says Glassnote Records president Daniel Glass. "Everyone's watching them on music discovery."

When Drake wanted a high-profile debut in late July for "Charged Up" – a salvo in his beef with rapper Meek Mill – he chose his own Beats 1 show, a venue that hadn't even existed the month before. Beats 1 is meant to promote Apple Music's on-demand streaming, which debuted alongside it on June 30th, but the station is becoming a force in its own right, starting to break songs ("New Americana," from rising alt-pop star Halsey) and raising ex-

citement with a new approach to a very old medium – though Apple hasn't released listenership numbers, and terrestrial and satellite radio aren't going anywhere. "It's really simple," says Beats co-founder Jimmy Iovine, who sold the company to Apple last year. "All the people of the world listening to the same song at the same time."

"It's a nice hybrid of the past and the present," says Vampire Weekend's Ezra Koenig, who has his own show, as do Beats co-founder Dr. Dre, Elton John, Pharrell Williams, Queens of the Stone Age's Josh Homme and St. Vincent's Annie Clark.

Beats was working hard on playlists tagged to users' musical tastes – an approach that continues on [Cont. on 14]



LIVE

Billy and Paul's Historic Duet

BILLY JOEL GREW UP A FEW MILES FROM Long Island's Nassau Coliseum, and he's played there 32 times. So he wasn't just the obvious choice to play the last-ever concert at the storied arena – he was the only choice. Joel performed for more than three hours on August 4th. The highlight: a surprise duet with Queens native Paul Simon on “Homeward Bound,” marking the first time the pair have ever sung together. “Thank you, Long Island,” a sweaty Joel said, after closing with “Only the Good Die Young.” “Thank you, Nassau Coliseum!”

ANDY GREENE

APPLE MUSIC

[Cont. from 13] Apple Music, which offers targeted suggestions under its “For You” header – when Nine Inch Nails frontman Trent Reznor, who was Beats’ chief creative officer, decided it needed something more universal as well. “I realized it would be cool to hear someone talking,” says Reznor, “to turn on the radio and feel a part of something.”




Beats 1 is meant to help build what Iovine calls “an ecosystem” around Apple Music. “The [other streaming services] feel like they were designed by engineers,” says Reznor. Adds Iovine, “Why use the word ‘service’ if you’re not a service? If you’re just a utility, what’s the point?”

The station’s vibe was designed by U.K. DJ Zane Lowe, who garnered a reputation as a tastemaker during a 12-year career at BBC1. The combination of hip-hop, indie rock, pop and EDM that Lowe has brought – along with heavy doses of U.K. grime artists – lend the station an unapologetic hipness. “It’s not concerned about what’s charting,” says Reznor. “And we don’t do research. Just go with what we think is cool.”

The third segment of Apple Music’s “ecosystem” is the Connect network, which gives artists home pages where they can release content directly to fans. Apple is already scoring major exclusives, with artists from Dre to Keith Richards using Connect to debut new music – striking at a chief selling point of Jay Z-owned competitor Tidal. Apple even helped make music videos for Drake, Pharrell and Eminem.

A GUIDE TO THE STREAMING WAR

The streaming future of music is taking shape – but which service should you choose? Here’s a guide to the three biggest contenders

 Apple Music	 Spotify	 Tidal
Biggest strengths: Beats 1 radio is unique. Service integrates with iTunes. Deep, smartly curated playlists.	Biggest strengths: Easy to use. Elegant, well-developed mobile app. Lightning-fast streaming.	Biggest strengths: The only major service with a full-CD-quality tier (for \$19.99 a month; Spotify-level quality is \$9.99). Frequent big-name exclusives.
Biggest weakness: Interface can be confusing for casual users.	Biggest weakness: Discovery features are weaker than Apple’s. A few major artists (Taylor Swift, Thom Yorke) aren’t available.	Biggest weakness: High-quality sound is pricey. Glitchy search. Reported business struggles could impact users.
Free option: Non-subscribers can use radio – including Beats 1 – and Connect, but can’t access the on-demand library.	Free option: PC users can listen to any track (with ads); app users only get Pandora-like radio.	Free option: 30-day trial
Exclusive content: Growing – from Dr. Dre’s <i>Compton</i> to Taylor Swift’s entire catalog.	Exclusive content: Limited, but Prince debuted a new song on the service.	Exclusive content: Extensive, from Lil Wayne to Rihanna, though in some cases limited to videos.

Drake, meanwhile, has reportedly struck an exclusive deal to release new music with Apple for as much as \$20 million. “They’re extending themselves aggressively,” says Glass, “to A&R people, to managers, to record companies. They want to collaborate creatively.”

Apple is already the world’s largest music retailer. With its aggressive plays to dominate streaming, not to mention artist development and promotion, the world’s

most valuable company seems poised for even more decisive domination of the industry. But no one is ringing alarm bells just yet. “I don’t think they have too much power,” says Miguel manager Troy Carter. And the players inside Apple see a chance to remake a struggling industry. “With the scale, power and resources that Apple has,” says Reznor, “I can think of no company better to be a part of to try and pull this off.”

ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY STEVE KNOPPER



SO SWEET YOU
CAN'T HELP BUT CHEW.



A Sweet Piece of Fun.

David Gilmour Finds Life After Pink Floyd

The guitarist on his new solo album and why the Floyd is really, really over this time

DAVID GILMOUR'S UPCOMING album, *Rattle That Lock*, is his first solo LP since 2006's *On an Island*, but it wasn't supposed to take so long. "I meant to get back to work earlier," says the Pink Floyd guitarist. "But certain things got in the way." Gilmour is presumably referring to the 2008 death

Many of the lyrics were written by Gilmour's wife and longtime lyricist, Polly Samson, and the fluid, atmospheric music will be familiar to anyone who's heard Floyd's post-Roger Waters catalog. "A Boat Lies Waiting" is a tribute to Wright that features David Crosby and Graham Nash on background vocals. "I recorded the rolling piano on that song on a minidisc 18 years ago," Gilmour says. "You can hear my son Gabriel squawking on it as a baby, and he's now 18. Polly thought the rolling motion suggested the sea, and Rick's big love was sailing his yacht. It just reminded me of him."

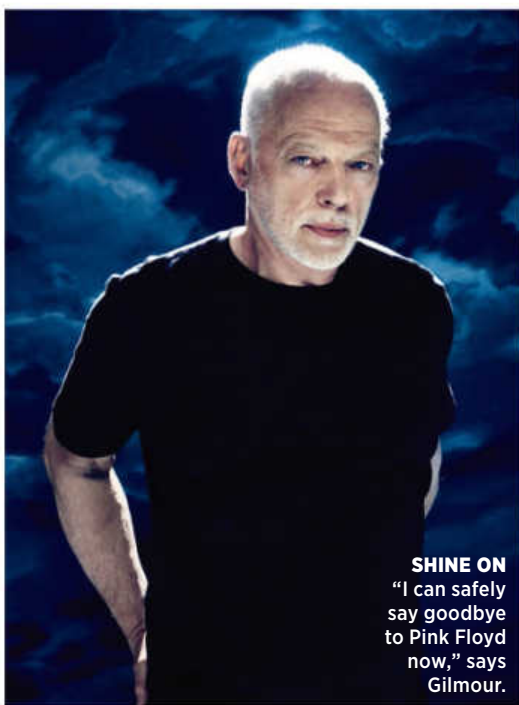
On September 12th, Gilmour kicks off a European tour. It'll be the first time he's done a tour, Pink Floyd or solo, without Wright on keyboards in more than 30 years. Gilmour is still figuring out the set list—Wright's absence makes it highly unlikely that the Floyd classic "Echoes," which features Wright on vocals, will make the list. "It wouldn't be right to play that song," says Gilmour. "I might do 'Shine On (You Crazy Diamond)' again. I haven't completely closed the door to doing Pink Floyd songs. They're so much fun."

The tour hits North America in March; so far, only four cities have been announced. "I want to play places that are a bit magical and have a good atmosphere," Gilmour says. "My worry is whether I'll enjoy it as much as I did last time. That

tour was such a treat, and I just hope without Rick there it will be as much fun."

Endless River got some Pink Floyd fans hoping the band still might have some life left in it, but Gilmour is quick to clamp down on those thoughts. "That part of my life gave me so much joy, laughter and creative satisfaction," he says. "We had a lot of good companionship 95 percent of our time together. I wouldn't want the five percent that was a little more sour to make my view of it less enjoyable. But I've done it. Getting into huge stadiums again doesn't fill me with any joy or anticipation. I don't think it would be pleasurable, so I think I can safely say goodbye to that now."

ANDY GREENE



SHINE ON
"I can safely say goodbye to Pink Floyd now," says Gilmour.

of Floyd keyboardist (and his main creative collaborator) Rick Wright; the arrest and four-month imprisonment of his son Charlie over a 2010 political protest; and Gilmour's decision to transform some of Wright's last recordings into the final Pink Floyd record, last year's *Endless River*.

With all that behind him, Gilmour was finally ready to focus on *Rattle That Lock* (due out September 18th), which he co-produced with Roxy Music guitarist Phil Manzanera. It's a loose concept record that follows a man's thoughts over the course of a single day, as he contemplates everything from drone warfare to the sorrow of death to the challenges of raising kids.



COMEDY

LILY TOMLIN: DON'T CALL IT A COMEBACK

Lily Tomlin is hot. The 75-year-old comedian's Netflix show, *Grace and Frankie* (which co-stars Jane Fonda), earned her an Emmy nomination. Her new film, *Grandma*, a comedy about a lesbian who helps her granddaughter get an abortion, opens on August 21st. As Tomlin once said, "The road to success is always under construction."

Grace and Frankie is a show about two older women rebooting their lives after finding out their husbands are having an affair with each other. Why do you think it's clicking?

We embrace issues that old people have to deal with that, truthfully, aren't so different from what younger people deal with. You can start over at any time, you know.

In *Grandma*, your character helps her granddaughter get an abortion at a time when access is being rolled back across the country.

Gloria Steinem famously said, "If men could get pregnant, abortion would be a sacrament."

You married your partner, Jane, in 2013. You didn't hide your relationship, but you didn't make an announcement either.

It wasn't easy for me to come out. When I was doing specials in the Seventies, everybody knew that Jane and I were a couple. I had one of our writers say to me, "I think you and Jane should come to work in different cars." I said, "Well, we're not gonna go out and get another car just to drive to work!"

You hit back with a joke.

I was always really nimble, you know. I couldn't betray myself or lie about myself. I was on *The View* not long before I came out. Barbara [Walters] said something like, "You've never been married. Have you just never found the right guy?" I said, "Now, Barbara, you and I both know that's not the reason." And she just shut right up.

LOGAN HILL

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HAMMING IT UP
Miranda
(center) with
the cast of
Hamilton

STAGE

'Hamilton' Takes Broadway

Inside writer-star Lin-Manuel Miranda's hip-hop-infused, Obama-approved hit

I FEEL ABOUT 100 POUNDS lighter!" says Lin-Manuel Miranda. Less than a week before *Hamilton's* opening night on Broadway, the hip-hop-infused musical's playwright, composer, lyricist and star is hanging out in his dressing room at the Richard Rodgers Theatre, celebrating the fact that he's finally done revising the mammoth script – well, almost. "I only have one line to add," he says, "and that's the last thing I'm going to do."

The production, which traces Alexander Hamilton's life story in soaring melodies and quick-witted rap verses, has already connected in a big way: After a successful off-Broadway run, the show has earned advance ticket sales of more than \$30 million and won cosigns from Stephen Sondheim and President Obama. But for Miranda, it still feels like a passion project. "It took me six years to write this fucking show," says Miranda, who plays the title role. "You can only do that if you're in love with your subject."

The idea for the show dates back to 2008, when Miranda – fresh off opening his first Broadway musical, the Tony-winning *In the Heights* – read historian Ron Chernow's biography *Alexander Hamilton* on vacation. He began sketching out

what he thought at first might be a concept album about Hamilton's extraordinary path from Caribbean-born orphan to pivotal statesman to loser of a fatal duel with rival Aaron Burr. "I went full Andrew Lloyd Webber in my mind," he says. "I wanted to write songs that contained all the policy and the history, but felt as dense as my favorite Big Pun or Jay Z raps – the stuff where you're still catching triple-entendres 10 listens in."

Rap and theater have always gone hand in hand for Miranda, 35, who grew up loving both golden-age hip-hop and his parents' Broadway cast albums as a kid in upper Manhattan. "While I was memorizing *Bizarre Ride II the Pharcyde*, I was also playing the Pirate King in *Pirates of Penzance* in ninth grade," he says. "I'm attracted to storytelling, whether it's Biggie's 'Warning' or [Gilbert and Sullivan's] 'I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General.'" But even as he excelled in his magnet school's theater program, he wondered whether the historically white world of Broadway would have room for an actor with Puerto Rican heritage. "Paul Simon's *Capeman* came out my senior year," he says of the 1998 musical, which featured salsa stars Marc Anthony and Rubén Blades in leading parts. "The failure of that show broke my heart: 'There's another show with roles for Latino actors that's not going to get done.'"

But *In the Heights* highlighted Latino stories to spectacular success. Miranda and his team have gone further with *Hamilton*, casting actors and actresses of color to join him onstage in the roles of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Burr and other long-dead white people. "This is what our country looks like, and the audience accepts it," Miranda says. "In so many ways, the people we call the Founding Fathers are these mythic figures – but they were people. I think the casting of the show humanizes them, in a way, because they're not these distant marble creatures."

Miranda, whose parents could rarely afford to take him to Broadway, has taken steps to democratize *Hamilton's* audience by offering lotteried front-row tickets for \$10 every night. "The median Broadway theatergoer is a white lady between 45 and 55 years old who has an income of \$250,000 a year," he says. "We

have a unique opportunity with people who feel like musicals aren't for them, to say, 'This is for you.'"

While *Hamilton* takes place in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, it's full of implicit and explicit commentary on hot-button contemporary issues from racism to gun control. "Art changes hearts and minds in a way that nothing else really does," Miranda says. "But I have no idea what the effects of this show will be. That's the exciting thing."

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

"I'm attracted to storytelling, whether it's Biggie or Gilbert and Sullivan."

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CHECKING IN



BOB AND ME
Dylan and
Campbell
onstage
in 2002

Life With Dylan

Larry Campbell on his new LP and touring with a legend

LARRY CAMPBELL HAS BEEN ON-stage for some of the greatest rock & roll moments of the past 30 years, as Bob Dylan's sideman from 1997 to 2004 and as Levon Helm's bandleader and co-writer during the drummer's late-career comeback. Now, Campbell is stepping into the spotlight, along with his wife, Teresa Williams. The couple's new self-titled debut highlights Campbell's endearingly raw tenor and Williams' Tennessee tent-revival-trained howl and includes a cover of the Louvin Brothers' "You're Running Wild," featuring a lost drum track by Helm. "After years of being mostly apart in our marriage, suddenly we're working together all the time," says Williams.

Helm, according to Campbell, "was incapable of being inauthentic." Dylan was a different story. "Mercurial," says Campbell. "It's in all the books about him, and it's all true." Dylan had the band listen to Dead bootlegs as an example of how to cover a song, and he sometimes joined group members for backstage card games. "Hanging with him is like hanging with anybody else," says Campbell, "then it's not. He's a complex guy." For his first three days on the job, Campbell rehearsed old rock and country covers – none of which Dylan ever played live. "There was a lot of off-the-cuff stuff," says Campbell. "It was a very amorphous existence."

PATRICK DOYLE

THE GLORY DAYS OF THE PISTOLS AND THE CLASH

ROCK DOCS Julien Temple had a front-row seat during the London punk revolution of the Seventies, directing two classic Sex Pistols documentaries, 1980's *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* and 2000's definitive *The Filth and the Fury*. This summer, 11 Temple docs are screening at New York's Lincoln Center, including *Never Mind the Baubles*, a Christmas-themed Pistols doc, and *The Clash New Year's Day '77*. (Several of the films are also on YouTube.)

"It was a kinship," says Temple of his love for punk. "Like punk, it was born out of necessity: I had no money." Among the films in the series, there's a documentary about Ray Davies of the Kinks (and one about his brother Dave) and a couple of examinations of the Glastonbury festival. "When I look at the '77 footage, I don't think of it as nostalgia," Temple says. "I think of it as a weapon to give kids today in order to do something about what's going on."

DAVID FEAR



Joe
Strummer,
1977

FOUND TREASURE

John Belushi's Great Lost Punk-Rock Record

THE 1981 "SATURDAY NIGHT Live" performance by L.A. punk rockers Fear remains one of the show's most notorious – punks stormed the stage, one yelled, "New York sucks!" and the group was banned from *SNL*. Fear got the gig thanks to singer Lee Ving's friendship with the late John Belushi. Now, an unreleased song, "Neighbors," that Belushi recorded with the band is being released



Belushi and
Ving, 1981

as a single. "We're proud of it," says Ving, who wrote the song for Belushi's 1981 film *Neighbors* (the movie's producers cut it from the soundtrack). Ving got permission to use the song from Belushi's widow and mixed it at Dave Grohl's studio. Belushi and Fear had recorded it months before the comedian's 1982 death, which still haunts Ving: "So devastating. It disrupted all of our lives."

KORY GROW

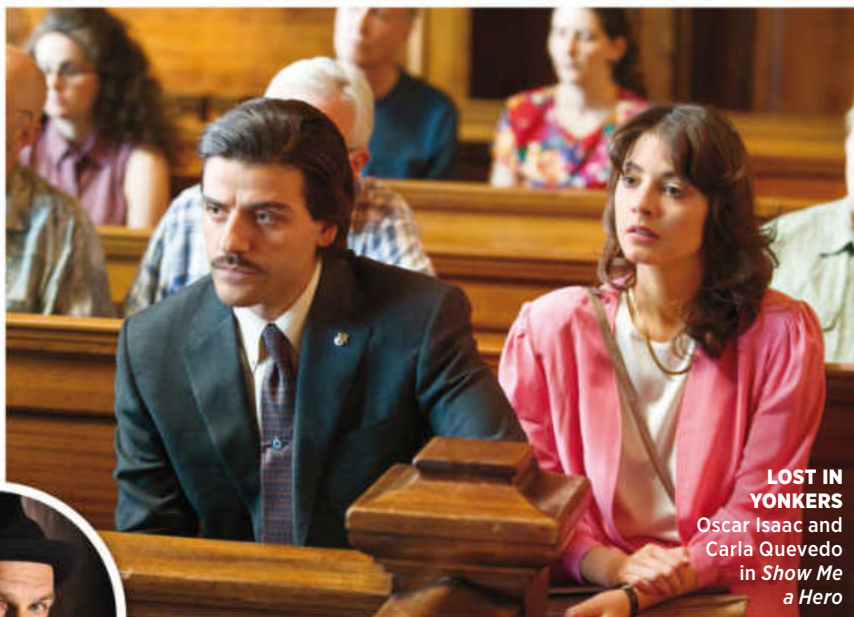
David Simon Is Mad as Hell

The 'Wire' creator on his new series and what's destroying American political discourse

OF ALL THOSE WHO HELPED revolutionize TV in the past 20 years, David Simon has been the most political and least commercial. From *The Wire* to *Treme*, he's consistently dived into the country's thorniest political issues: the War on Drugs, inner-city schools, the invasion of Iraq, post-Katrina New Orleans. In his new HBO miniseries, *Show Me a Hero*, he takes on perhaps his least popular subject yet: public housing. A true story set in Yonkers, New York, in the late Eighties/early Nineties, the show stars Oscar Isaac as Nick Wasicsko, a young mayor forced to confront an enraged constituency after a federal court orders 200 units of affordable housing to be built in the city's lily-white neighborhoods. What unfolds is an American tragedy in six acts.



Simon



LOST IN YONKERS
Oscar Isaac and Carla Quevedo in *Show Me a Hero*

What drew you to the material?

Fifteen years ago, I read the book [*Show Me a Hero*], by Lisa Belkin. I was living in Baltimore, a city that had fundamental interracial inequality, and we were contending with the same argument and the manner in which the government fails to deal with it. There's an abject lesson in the journey of Nick Wasicsko. While he wasn't a perfect creature, he had a moment where he actually attended to this pathology. And they blew him up, they just blew him up. In what's supposedly a pluralistic society, there was so much trauma over 200 units of public housing in a city of 200,000 people. Can you imagine the trauma if America *really* tried to incorporate the non-white population economically and socially and politically?

Why don't we?

I don't mean to blame just the political system because race, politically, is a third rail. But we're the fucking electricity running through the rail. It's *us*. There's a significant plurality who would prefer to have two separate Americas.

What are you most disappointed with in the political discourse?

The rise of libertarianism in this country. There are certainly places – for example, the drug wars – where I find myself in complete agreement with the libertarian

ideal. But they always dissolve into a juvenile notion that the solution for bad governance is no governance. But we the people are the govern-

ment. Yes, it's a constant struggle to

enhance governance and diminish the effects of bad governance. It's a never-ending fight. But that's democracy. That's the job.

Why has housing policy changed in the past few decades?

Public housing was a New Deal policy. It was an idea undertaken for white people. At the time, it was looked at as one of the healthiest anti-Depression initiatives undertaken. When people of color arrive to look toward the same dynamics, it becomes, "Why are we building houses for the poor?" We went from the idea that government can do things to lift up people who have the least in our society to the idea that government shouldn't be in the business of helping anybody.

How would you fix the system?

The government would finance elections. Nobody could give any fucking money to any candidate, ever. It freaked me out that the Supreme Court equated money to speech. When money is transformed into words, the words are, by and large, stupid, self-serving and disastrous.

Your next pilot is also set in the past: the sex industry in Times Square of the Seventies. That sounds more commercial than what you usually tackle.

You would think so, but I'll find a way to fuck it up. I'm determined not to use porn to sell porn. You can't be a Puritan about what you're depicting, nor can you be prurient. If people are getting off to the show, we've failed.

When you go to the big executives with ideas for shows dealing with what ails America, what's your pitch?

Begging. I'm begging an actor to take a role. I'm begging the executive to give us enough to finish the show. When I was a reporter, I was begging for quotes. There's nothing wrong with begging; it's just another form of sales.

In "Difficult Men," author Brett Martin posited that you and fellow auteurs like David Chase are hard to work with and that's what makes you great. What did you make of that theory?

There's only one place where I was any kind of a son of a bitch: I didn't tell characters when they were being killed until right before the script was published.

But there's an old Irish proverb that goes, "God used to tell men when their day of death was coming, to give them some advance warning, but then the cows stopped being milked and the fields went fallow and the barn door fell off its hinge. So God said, 'You know what? I'm keeping this to myself.'" I do like to argue. I like the writers' room to argue. At a certain point, you have to end the argument, but argument is good.

SEAN WOODS

"There's a significant plurality who would prefer to have two separate Americas."

Reinventing Carly Rae Jepsen

UPDATE IN 2012, CARLY RAE JEPSEN'S "Call Me Maybe" lodged itself in the global brain for an entire summer, topping the charts for nine weeks and establishing Jepsen as a budding teen-pop star. Then things started to go wrong. Jepsen claims her label rushed out her next album, *Kiss*. "We pushed it through in two months to chase that song," she says. *Kiss*'s sales were disappointing, and Jepsen's next move was to take a role on Broadway in *Cinderella*. She found herself somewhat allergic to new music – instead, she'd listen to jazz and Eighties hits by Cyndi Lauper, Prince and Madonna as she jogged around Manhattan. "I saw Cyndi [Lauper] play in Osaka and was amazed that her songs still sounded so fresh, so yearning and painful," she says. "I wanted to put out songs like that, right now."

Jepsen took her time making her new Eighties-washed album, *Emotion*. Determined to shake her bubblegum image, she reached out to co-writers like Dev Hynes of Blood Orange and Vampire Weekend's Rostam Batmanglij. The result is an assertive, nuanced LP that shows off her songwriting chops: "Now, I can show up to photo shoots and be like, 'I'm so happy to be here, but I don't want to wear the fluffy pink dress.'"

RACHEL SYME

Jazz, Prince and Cyndi Lauper: Jepsen



DOCUMENTARY

The Roots of the Cable-News Shoutfest

Revisiting Gore Vidal and William F. Buckley's explosive 1968 debates

IN ONE CORNER SAT GORE VIDAL, author and liberal bon vivant; in the other was William F. Buckley Jr., talk-show host and founder of the conservative *National Review*. It was 1968, and ABC News, desperate for ratings, invited them to debate the presidential conventions over 10 nights. ABC was hoping for some fireworks – and got them. By the time Vidal called Buckley a "crypto-Nazi" and Buckley threat-



Buckley and Vidal

ened to sock his "queer" opponent in the face on live TV, ABC realized it had struck gold.

That is the centerpiece of *Best of Enemies*, a documentary directed by Robert Gordon and Morgan Neville that suggests this clash of celebrity intellectuals gave birth to the shouting matches that dominate today's punditry. "As soon as I saw the first debate, I thought, 'My God, it's like they saw the future,'" Gordon says. Buckley and Vidal trade witticisms and insults as Miami seethes and Chicago burns. "That's why they pissed each other off," says Neville, who directed 2013's backup-singer doc *20 Feet From Stardom*. "They realized they were dealing with equals."

DAVID FEAR

FROM TOP: MATTHEW WELCH; ABC PHOTO ARCHIVES/ABC/GETTY IMAGES

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Star Time for Darlene Love

Steve Van Zandt, Springsteen assist on R&B powerhouse's blowout comeback album

ABOUT 35 YEARS AGO, BRUCE Springsteen and Steve Van Zandt were mixing *The River* in Los Angeles when they heard Darlene Love was playing at the Roxy. Love had been one of Phil Spector's go-to singers in the 1960s, powering "He's a Rebel," "Today I Met the Boy I'm Gonna Marry" and other Wall of Sound classics. But by the early Eighties, she had been working as a maid and was attempting a comeback. Van Zandt showed up at the Roxy that night and promised to turn Love's career around. "Steve told me that if I moved to New York he could get me work," Love says. "Then he said, 'I need to record you.'"

Van Zandt got Love regular gigs at New York clubs like the Bottom Line and the Peppermint Lounge, but he never found time to produce an album for her – until last year. "I realized there's never going to be a right time," he says. "I said, 'Fuck it, I'm pushing this into my schedule.'"

For *Introducing Darlene Love* (due out September 18th), Van Zandt reached out to many of the best songwriters in the world, including Springsteen, Elvis Costello, Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, Jimmy Webb, and Linda Perry. "I said to them, 'I want big,'" Van Zandt says. "I want horns and strings. Her voice wants that."

Songs poured in. "Elvis Costello jumped in like a motherfucker," says Van Zandt. "He sent me four songs within a day."



Love and Van Zandt work out an arrangement at his Manhattan office.

Springsteen sent complete demos for "Night Closing In" and "Just Another Lonely Mile," two anthemic tunes that would have sounded right in place on *The River*. "They were already done and I loved them," Love says. "But I put that out of my mind and made them Darlene Love songs."

The album title reflects the fact that it's Love's first album of secular songs in three decades, and it's part of a resurgence of interest in Love that began with 2013's *20 Feet From Stardom*, an Oscar-winning documentary about backup singers in which she was prominently featured. "[Before the film], some people didn't even realize there was a Darlene Love," she says.

"They thought I was a figment of Phil Spector's imagination."

The album includes one cover song: a new arrangement of Ike and Tina Turner's "River Deep – Mountain High." "That was supposed to be Phil Spector's masterpiece," says Love. "But he buried everything, and you can't really hear Tina. Steve wanted to make a new version of it." Van Zandt is a huge fan of Spector, though Love says the two producers couldn't be more different. "When you went into the studio with Phil, he was like, 'This is what you're gonna do, and I don't want to hear nothing else about it,'" Love says. "Steve wants me to be part of the process. Also, he ain't crazy." **ANDY GREENE**

Ballerini



COUNTRY

KELSEA BALLERINI: NASHVILLE IT GIRL

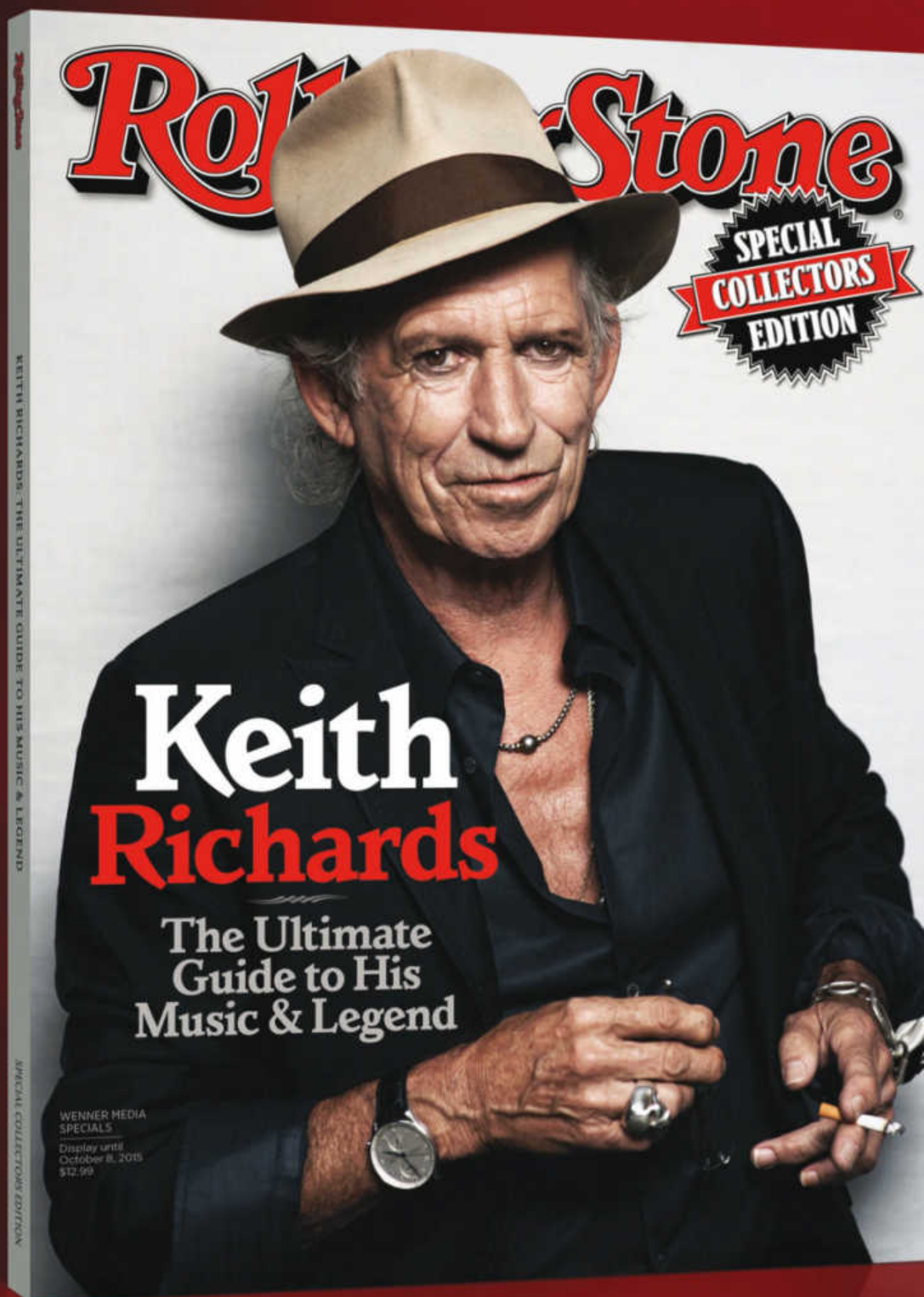
Why the 21-year-old could inherit Taylor Swift's kingdom

Nashville may never get over Taylor Swift abandoning country for pop, but Kelsea Ballerini is doing her best to ease the pain. The 21-year-old singer's flirty, self-assertive debut hit, "Love Me Like You Mean It," is the first song by a female artist to debut at Number One on

the country chart since Carrie Underwood's 2005 weeper, "Jesus, Take the Wheel."

Ballerini is an avowed Swift admirer, and the admiration goes both ways – Swift took to Twitter to praise the younger star. When Ballerini was a teenage songwriter, one record exec even told her she was too much like her hero, criticism she ended up using to her advantage. "You can't be who your inspirations are," she

says. Ballerini recently proved that "Love Me Like You Mean It" wasn't a fluke hit when her second single, "Dibs," became the most added song on country radio. Her debut album, *The First Time*, is full of songs that balance strong will and vulnerability. "I'm so weird and quirky and painfully awkward sometimes," she says. "I sing these songs because I need to remind myself to be confident." **BEVILLE DUNKERLEY**



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Marina Shines in Chicago

DAWN TO DUSK “PEOPLE CALL ME a pop artist,” says Marina Diamandis, the U.K. singer who makes music as Marina and the Diamonds. “But the music I’m making isn’t pop in terms of being bubblegum or current.” That’s certainly true of the ambitious, intimate dance-tinged songs on her new album, *Froot*, which recently became the first release in the 29-year-old singer-songwriter’s career to hit the Top 10 in America. We caught up with Diamandis the day before her official performance at Lollapalooza, where she checked out the Art Institute of Chicago before playing an intimate acoustic gig at a ROLLING STONE party.

ALEXANDRA EATON



FACE TIME
Getting made up in her hotel before heading out into the city



WALL FLOWER
At the Art Institute

To see an exclusive video of Marina’s day in Chicago, including behind-the-scenes footage and live clips, visit RollingStone.com/dawntodusk.



MEET AND GREET
Diamandis says some fans she meets “cry a lot and shake as well.”

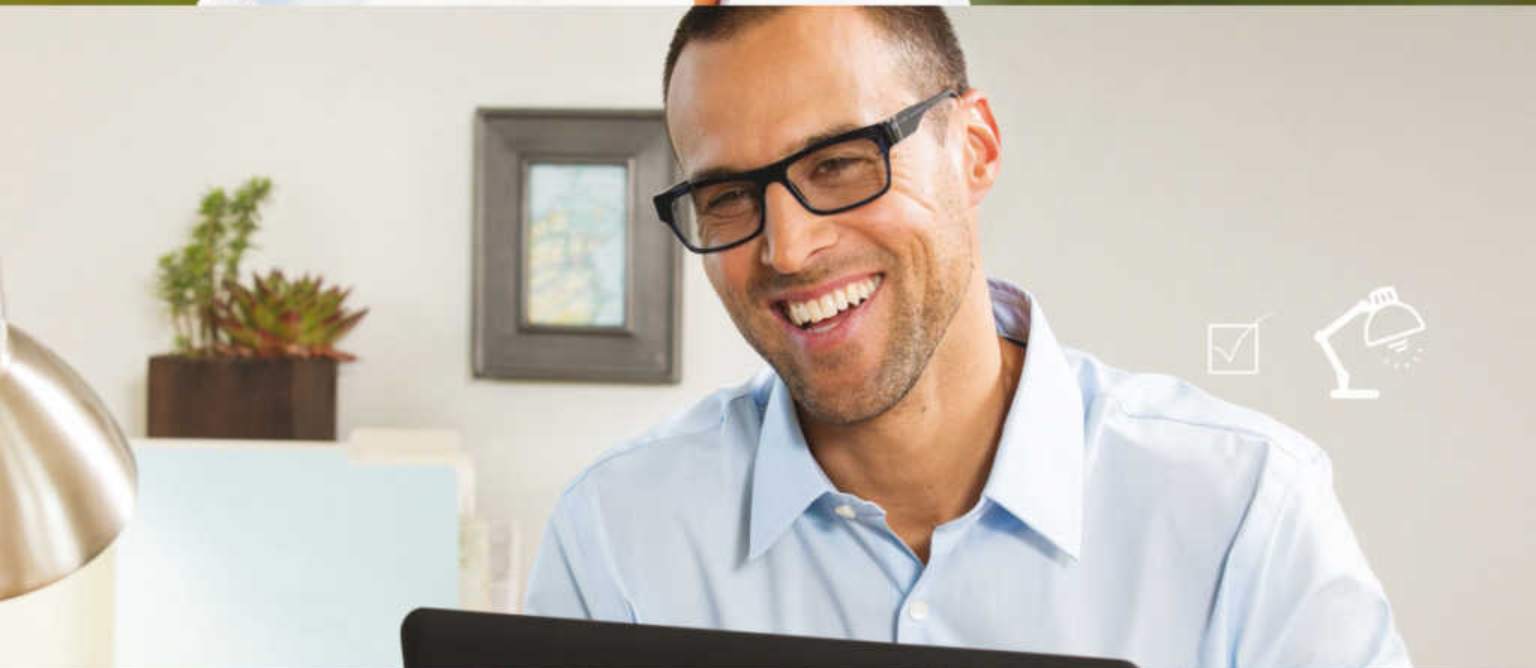


TUNING UP
Rehearsing in the greenroom before showtime

ON THE GO ▲ En route to the show: “Generally I’ll write in my hotel or do some sort of production up until 4:00, and then I’ll go to the venue,” she says of her touring schedule.

ONE OF A KIND ▶ “I’d rather create gigs that are special than do 20 shows a month.”





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Hot Rock Reads, From Patti to Petty

Autumn's most anticipated rock books: Four veterans write their memoirs, and Tom Petty opens up to musician-turned-author Warren Zanes in a revealing biography **By Andy Greene**

Chrissie Hynde
Reckless: My Life
as a Pretender

SEPTEMBER 8TH

Overview: Hynde chronicles her entire life, from growing up in Ohio to hanging out on the 1970s British punk scene to the wild first few years of the Pretenders.

Motivation: "I'm approaching writing this memoir... as I would an album," she said. "I hope it makes you root through your closet and dust off your guitar."



Revelation: Hynde spent so much time with the Sex Pistols that she wasn't surprised when Sid Vicious was arrested for Nancy Spungen's murder. "We were only surprised that he'd stuck it out as long as he had..." she writes. "Who could forget [Nancy's] shriek, a sound not unlike that of an untrained cockatoo. 'Sid - SID! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE ME MY FAMOUS CREAM-CHEESE BAGEL? SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!!!!!!'"

John Fogerty

Fortunate Son: My Life, My Music

OCTOBER 6TH

Overview: The full story of Fogerty's life and career, from the rise of Creedence Clearwater Revival to their highly acrimonious breakup in the early 1970s.

Motivation: “I’m just being brutally honest,” Fogerty has said. “I’m not trying to shock or surprise anybody. It’s just the only way I’ve been able to exist.”



Revelation: When Fogerty's Creedence bandmates demanded to help write songs in the early Seventies, it was the beginning of the end for the group. "The worst thing that ever happened to my band was the Beatles," Fogerty writes, "because the guys in my band thought they could be the Beatles.... These guys had no clue about what was necessary. A vision. That's just the truth."

Carrie Brownstein

Hunger Makes Me a Modern Girl

OCTOBER 27TH

Overview: The guitarist and *Portlandia* star remembers her days with pioneering punk band Sleater-Kinney, wrapping up when the group went on hiatus in 2006.

Motivation: “I wanted to have an agency of how I show myself to people, and writing a book is a much easier way of sharing rather than being misconstrued.”



Revelation: Brownstein blames herself for Sleater-Kinney's implosion: On the 2006 tour that ended the band for eight years, she suffered from shingles and says she became so consumed by anxiety that she began punching herself in the face. "I saw the enemy and it was me," she writes. "I wanted to destroy it. Pow! I couldn't stop. Pow! You fucking loser. I was in the ring with only myself."

Patti Smith
M Train

OCTOBER 6TH

Overview: While *Just Kids* focused on one era of her life, this book jumps around in time from the death of her husband, Fred “Sonic” Smith, to a meeting of an Arctic explorer’s society in Berlin.

Motivation: “I wanted to write whatever I felt like, things from literature to coffee to memories of Fred in Michigan....I hopped on a train and kept going.”



Revelation: Shortly before Bobby Fischer died, Smith ran into the chess master in Iceland. “He began testing me immediately by issuing a string of obscene and racially repellent references that morphed into paranoid conspiracy rants,” she writes. “‘Look, you’re wasting your time,’ I said. ‘I can be just as repellent as you, only about different subjects.’” The pair ended up singing Buddy Holly songs for hours.



MUST-READ BIO THE DEFINITIVE TOM PETTY HISTORY

Eight years after teaming up with director Peter Bogdanovich for the documentary *Runnin' Down a Dream*, Tom Petty is delving even deeper into his past by cooperating with his longtime friend and Del Fuegos guitarist Warren Zanes on *Petty: The Biography* (due November 10th). Zanes even got estranged

former Heartbreakers drummer Stan Lynch to break his long silence and dish on their bitter split. "Petty's story is a band story," says Zanes. "That meant I didn't just need his participation, I needed that band to open up to me. And I needed Stan Lynch to be among them."

A.G.



haveKINDLE willTRAVEL

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RABAT AND SALÉ

1

LEAVING TANGIER

To step on board a steamer in a Spanish port, and three hours later to land in a country without a guide-book, is a sensation to rouse the hunger of the ripest sight-seer.

The sensation is attainable by any one who will take the trouble to row out into the harbour of Algieras and scramble onto a little black boat headed across the straits. Hardly has the rock of Gibraltar turned to cloud when one's foot is on the soil of an almost unknown Africa. Tangier, indeed, is in the guide-books; but, cuckoo-like, it has had to lay its eggs in strange nests, and the traveller who wants to find out about it must acquire a work dealing with some other country Spain or Portugal or Algeria. There is no guide-book to Morocco, and no way of knowing,

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Jeff Tweedy

On anarchy at the dinner table, touring with Dylan, and why the hell he named Wilco's album 'Star Wars' By Patrick Doyle

ON JULY 16TH, WILCO SHOCKED THEIR fans in the best way possible: by releasing *Star Wars*, the band's first album in four years, for free on its website, with no advance warning. The album is Wilco's best in at least a decade, full of loose, poppy rockers like "Random Name Generator" and "The Joke Explained." Frontman Jeff Tweedy credits a tiny five-watt Fender Champ amp as his muse: "It just sounds like the biggest fuzzbox on Earth – those sounds reminded me of glam rock and T. Rex," he says. "I adore that stuff, but I always thought I wasn't androgynous enough to pull it off, you know?" After recording the basic tracks himself in the Wilco loft in Chicago, Tweedy brought in the other members of the band separately to play on them. The process has proved so productive that Tweedy says he's already halfway finished with the next Wilco album. "I have a whole lot of material," he says. "[The next album] is very different."

First off, your new album is called *Star Wars* and there's a cat on the cover. Please explain.

That painting of that cat hangs in the kitchen at the [Wilco] loft, and every day I'd look at it and go, "You know, that should just be the album cover." Then I started thinking about the phrase "Star Wars" recontextualized against that painting – it was beautiful and jarring. The album has nothing to do with *Star Wars*. It just makes me feel good. **Are you even a *Star Wars* fan?**

No! In fact, I didn't know there was a new *Star Wars* movie coming out until my lawyer told me. Everybody advised me against it, because there is a heavily protected trademark involved.

Why did you decide to surprise-release the album?

I was really dreading the modern roll-out pattern. Usually, by the time the record comes out, I hate it. I hate talking about it. I hate all the people that have weighed in on it. I think it's done a disservice to our records, the way they've been heard in dribs and drabs, and a lot of people think they've heard a whole record

after just hearing one song. That's not the way Wilco records work.

You've been through a lot in the past few years – your brother died in 2013, and your wife was diagnosed with cancer last year. How did that affect your songwriting?

I certainly have been very prolific in the past few years, and it could be for a couple of reasons, [including] my wife's cancer diagnoses. She's doing great now. It provided maybe a deeper need for the distractions that I've learned how to use helpfully in my life. Like, no matter what condition I was in with addiction or anything, music has been a healthy adaptation in the face of some kind of maladaptation. But there's also something more practical than that, which is that I've been home a lot more than before, and in between chemo sessions and taking my wife to radiation and her recovering from the surgery, I've been walking to the loft, making something for a little bit every day.

Wilco toured with Bob Dylan in 2013.

What's your relationship with Bob like?

We've talked a little bit, and I actually get a really warm feeling from him.

I felt very inspired just being in the presence of somebody that has that few fucks to give about anything. There's a lot of middle ground there between somebody like Bob Dylan and Paul McCartney, who totally gives it up every night for the people and the songs. But if I had to choose one to be more inspired by, it's definitely on the more curmudgeonly-asshole side of the spectrum.

Along those lines, you've been portrayed as intense and sometimes controlling, particularly in the 2002 documentary *I Am Trying to Break Your Heart*.

I haven't watched it since it came out, but I've stumbled upon a YouTube clip of me arguing with Jay Bennett. I don't see myself as an asshole, but surely some people do. I'm more comfortable in my skin at this point in my life.

Do you have any hobbies?

Lately my hobby is arguing with my 15-year-old son about anarchism. I'm a little bit less inclined than him to foresee a viable future with widespread implementation [of anarchy]. Those are the kinds of awful and nerdy arguments we have around the dinner table, and, yes, you're lucky you aren't eating dinner with us.



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To Live & Dine on Flesh in L.A.

The 'Walking Dead' zombie apocalypse shambles out West

By Rob Sheffield

A TYPICAL SCENE IN *Fear the Walking Dead*: two cops around a Los Angeles hospital bed. Some junkie kid got hit by a car while he was running down the street screaming about the undead horrors he'd just witnessed

Fear the Walking Dead
Sundays, 9 p.m., AMC

— a drug den where a half-naked zombie girl is feasting on human flesh. One cop says, “You were raving about flesh and blood and viscera.” The dude mumbles, “I don’t know what viscera is.” Uh-oh — people eating people? This could be a bad sign. Is this just the drug-addled ravings of a zonked-out junkie? Or is our nation on the verge of a full-blown zombie apocalypse?

You’ve probably already guessed the answer, with some help from the title. *Fear the Walking Dead* is one of the year’s most hotly awaited TV debuts, the companion to AMC’s mind-boggling, massive *Walking Dead* juggernaut. If you don’t know what viscera is, you will most certainly find out. *The Walking Dead*, based on the Robert Kirkman comic books, is a blockbuster of flesh-chomp zombie porn that just keeps getting bigger. Meanwhile, this Kirkman-supervised prequel cleverly expands the franchise, taking us back to the early days when law-abiding citizens can only watch in terror as their friends and neighbors suddenly turn into monsters. As one character puts it, “When civilization ends, it ends fast.”

Fear the Walking Dead starts off with an ordinary dysfunctional L.A. family. The dad, Cliff Curtis, is a high school English teacher, leading a class on Jack London and the eternal battle of civiliza-



NO KISSING!
Teen romance on *Fear the Walking Dead*.

tion versus nature. (His spoiler: “Nature always wins!”) His girlfriend, Kim Dickens, is the guidance counselor, with her own brood of alienated teens: Her son Nick is a heroin addict, looking very James Franco in his ratty Eighties Baracuta jacket, and her over-

achieving daughter, Alicia, is on her way to Berkeley. Unless, that is, something goes horribly wrong. Like maybe a mysterious flu epidemic that turns out to be something much, much worse.

The zombies here aren’t exactly big on personality, but

part of the appeal of the whole saga is that there’s no pressure to get emotionally involved with anyone onscreen — there’s just the chompers and the chomped. (Or the not-quite-yet chomped.) The humans aren’t underdog heroes, especially since most of them have slightly less survival instinct than your average squirrel. So you don’t root for any of them; you just try to guess which one gets picked off next. And after watching these dreary folks bicker on and on about their feelings, you’re more than ready for some zombies to show up and bring the ruckus.

But the best thing about *Fear the Walking Dead* — and the reason it adds something genuinely new to the recipe — is the way it makes L.A. the main character, playing around with locales we recognize. At one point, two lowlifes meet at what seems to be the exact same diner where John Travolta and Samuel L. Jackson argue about bacon in *Pulp Fiction*. Except instead of debating whether it’s disgusting to eat pork, they’re talking about zombies stuffing their faces with human brains.

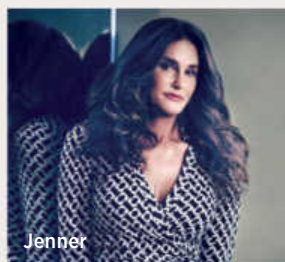
There’s an element of burn-Hollywood-burn sadism behind all the urban-breakdown violence. *Fear* has the vibe that L.A. suffers because it gets stuck with the blame for everything that’s wrong with our sick society. That has driven melodramas from *Earthquake* to *Demolition Man*, from *Helter Skelter* to the infamous *Quincy* punk-rock episode. L.A. is the city that’s pretty when it cries — that’s why it’s so good at starring in disaster stories. As George A. Romero himself figured out by the time of *Day of the Dead*, there’s only one thing scarier than zombies in the woods: zombies at the shopping mall. This is the *real* decline of Western civilization, made all the nastier by the fact that the undead will be munching on whatever’s left. L.A.: It’s what’s for dinner.

SHORT TAKE

Ms. Jenner’s New Reality

I Am Cait
Sundays, 8 p.m., E!

I Am Cait is reality TV’s bombshell of the year — if only because it’s one of those rare fluke moments when reality TV slips over the line and starts to overlap with something that feels like real life. Not that Caitlyn Jenner is an ordinary person in any way, but her story has actual emotional content — which is the last thing any fan expects from Brand Kardashian. It’s touching to see her stumble into her new life as America’s most famous trans woman, especially since she never really got a handle on the celebrity hustle in



Jenner

the first place. Watching Cait try to figure out the things we all try to figure out — how to walk, how to talk, how to tell the truth to her mom or how to go outdoors in a swimsuit — is a hitherto unknown television experience.

R.S.

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"Some people think *Sgt. Pepper's* is a genius album, but I think it's a mishmash of rubbish." —Keith Richards

Random Notes



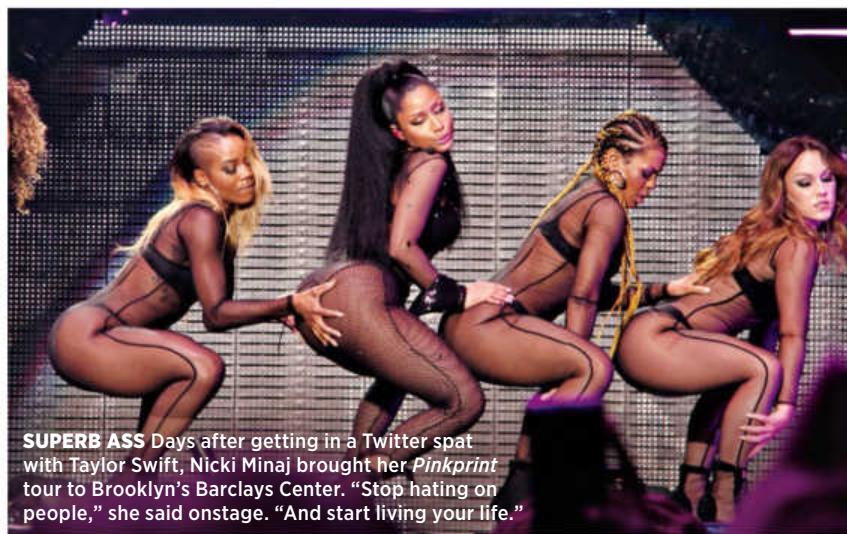
"I've found my running mate!" Hillary cried as she spotted the Edge.



Beyoncé did her best Cousin It impression as she and an amused Jay Z checked out one of U2's NYC shows.

U2 and Bruce's New York Serenade

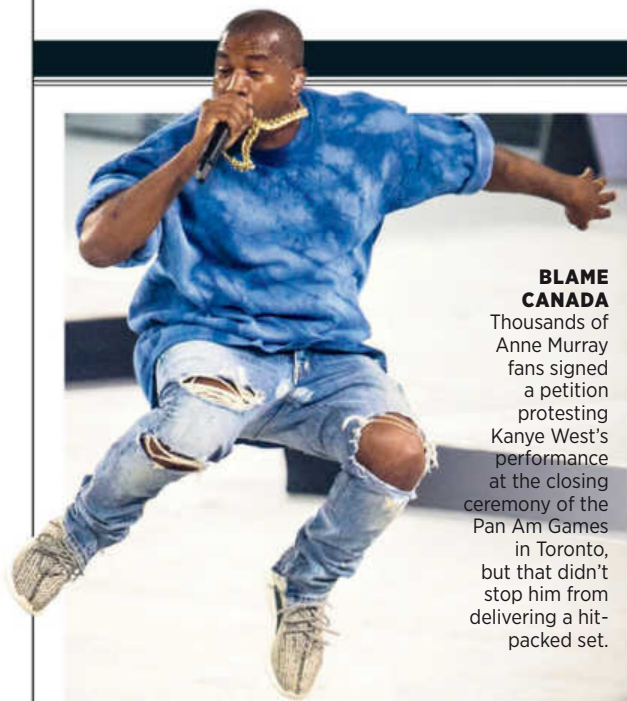
During their eight-show stand at Madison Square Garden, U2 brought out everyone from Jimmy Fallon to Lady Gaga to the Roots. But they saved the best surprise guest for their final show, when Bruce Springsteen joined the band for "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For." "He gave us a reason to be a band," Bono said. "Gave us a level we could never reach but always aspire to." Also on hand (but not onstage) were Bill and Hillary Clinton. "Trying to figure out for the life of me why the Clintons are sitting in the nose nose nose bleed section," tweeted Questlove, who was watching from the floor.



SUPERB ASS Days after getting in a Twitter spat with Taylor Swift, Nicki Minaj brought her *Pinkprint* tour to Brooklyn's Barclays Center. "Stop hating on people," she said onstage. "And start living your life."



RIRI RELOADED Rihanna took no prisoners in a paint battle during the annual Foreday Morning Jump Up street party in her native Barbados.



BLAME CANADA
Thousands of Anne Murray fans signed a petition protesting Kanye West's performance at the closing ceremony of the Pan Am Games in Toronto, but that didn't stop him from delivering a hit-packed set.



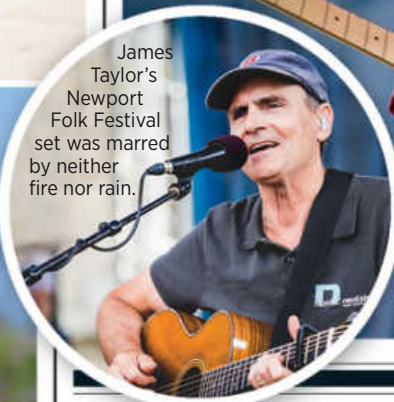
THE TRAGIC KINGDOM Billy Corgan had his day at Disneyland ruined when a grim-looking photo of him went viral. "I'm at fucking Disneyland," the Smashing Pumpkins frontman said. "I'm not here to do a meet-and-greet."



LET IT BLEED Courtney Barnett played through a finger injury at Newport. "I was trying my best not to bleed everywhere," she says.



SHIRT ALLERGY Anthony Kiedis took time off from cutting the new Red Hot Chili Peppers album to take a walk with his son and dog in Malibu.



James Taylor's Newport Folk Festival set was marred by neither fire nor rain.

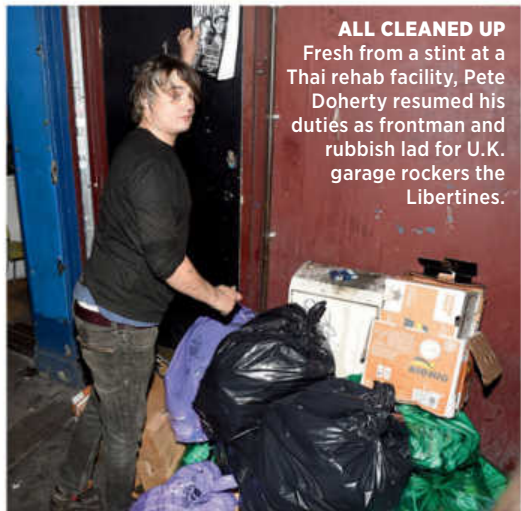


McCartney Shakes Lolla

For the encore of his headlining performance at Lollapalooza in Chicago, Paul McCartney brought out Alabama Shakes' Brittany Howard for a rousing version of "Get Back." "Once in a lifetime!" says Howard. "I hope they had as much fun as I did."



Charli XCX played an intense set at Lollapalooza, culminating with a bombastic "Boom Clap."



ALL CLEANED UP
Fresh from a stint at a Thai rehab facility, Pete Doherty resumed his duties as frontman and rubbish lad for U.K. garage rockers the Libertines.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: BMV/REX SHUTTERSTOCK; FERN/SPLASH NEWS; GRIFFIN LOTZ; J. MI KIM; ANDY KEILAN; XPOSURE/ARM-GSI; FR-ROL/X17ONLINE.COM

INSIDE THE GOP CLOWN CAR

On the campaign trail in Iowa, Donald Trump's antics have forced the other candidates to get crazy or go home

★ By Matt Taibbi ★

THE THING IS, WHEN YOU actually think about it, it's not funny. Given what's at stake, it's more like the opposite, like the first sign of the collapse of the United States as a global superpower. Twenty years from now, when we're all living like prehistory hominids and hunting rats with sticks, we'll probably look back at this moment as the beginning of the end.

In the meantime, though, the race for the Republican Party presidential nomination sure seems funny. The event known around the world as hashtagGOPClownCar is improbable, colossal, spectacular and shocking; epic, monumental, heinous and disgusting. It's like watching 17 platypuses try to mount the queen of England. You can't tear your eyes away from it.

It will go down someday as the greatest reality show ever conceived. The concept is ingenious. Take a combustible mix of the most depraved and filterless half-wits, scam artists and asylum Napoleons America has to offer, give them all piles of money and tell them to run for president. Add Donald Trump. And to give the whole thing a perverse gravitas, make the presidency really at stake.

It's Western civilization's very own car wreck. Even if you don't want to watch it, you will. It's that awesome of a spectacle.

But what does it mean? Or to put it another way, since we know it can't mean anything good: Is this enough of a disaster that we shouldn't laugh?

I went to Iowa to see for myself.

ROCKWELL CITY, IOWA, EVENING, JULY 30th. I've just rushed up from Des Moines to catch my first event on the Clown Car

tour, a stump speech by TV personality Mike Huckabee, whom the Internet says was also once governor of Arkansas.

Traditionally, in these early stages of a presidential campaign, very little happens. Candidates treat their stump work like comedians practicing new material between the lunch and dinner hours. In the old days, they tiptoed their positions out before small audiences in little farm towns like this in an effort to see what minor policy tweaks might play better later on in the race, when the bullets start flying for real.

That's what one normally expects. But 2016 is very different, as I found out in Rockwell City right away.

Two factors have combined to make this maybe the most unlikely political story of our times. The first is the campaign's extraordinary number of entrants. As *The Washington Post* noted last fall, this is the first time in recent memory that there is no heir-apparent candidate (like a Bob Dole). For some reason, during the last years of the Obama presidency, the national Republican Party chose not to throw its weight behind anyone, leading a monstrous field of has-beens and never-weres to believe that they had a real shot at winning the nomination.

So throughout this spring and summer, a new Human Punchline seemingly jumped into the race every week. There were so many of these jokers, coming so fast, that news commentators quickly latched onto the image of a parade of clowns emerging from a political Volkswagen, giving birth to the "clown car" theme.

But the more important factor has been the astounding presence of Donald Trump as the front-runner. The orangutan-haired real estate magnate entered the race in mid-June and immediately blew up cable

and Twitter by denouncing Mexicans as rapists and ripping 2008 nominee John McCain for having been captured in war.

Both moves would have been fatal to "serious" candidates in previous elections. But amid the strange Republican leadership void of 2016, the furor only gave Trump further saturation among the brainless nativists in his party and inexplicably vaulted him to front-runner status. The combination of Trump constantly spewing crazy quotes and the strategy *actually working* turned his campaign into a veritable media supernova, earning the Donald more coverage than all of the other candidates combined.

This led to a situation where the candidates have had to resort to increasingly bizarre tactics in order to win press attention. Add to this the curious dynamic of the first Republican debate, on August 6th, in which only the top 10 poll performers get on the main stage, and the incentive to say outlandish things in search of a poll bump quickly reached a fever pitch. So much for the cautious feeling-out period: For the candidates, it was toss grenades or die.

Back in the Rockwell City library, the small contingent of reporters covering the day's third "Huckabee Huddle" was buzzing. A local TV guy was staring at his notes with a confused look on his face, like he couldn't believe what he read. "Weirdest thing," he said. "I was just in Jefferson, and Huckabee said something about invoking the 14th and 5th amendments to end abortion. I'm really not sure what he meant."

A moment later, Huckabee sauntered into the library for an ad-hoc presser, and was quickly asked what he meant. "Just what I said," he quipped. "It is the job of the federal government to protect the citizens under the Constitution."



He went on to explain that even the unborn were entitled to rights of “due process and equal protection.” The attendant reporters all glanced sideways at one another. The idea of using the 14th Amendment, designed to protect the rights of ex-slaves, as a tool to outlaw abortion in the 21st century clearly would have its own dark appeal to the Fox crowd. But it occurred to me that Huckabee might have had more in mind.

“Are we talking about sending the FBI or the National Guard to close abortion clinics?” I asked.

“We’ll see when I get to be president,” he answered.

Huckabee smiled. Perhaps alone among all the non-Trump candidates, Huckabee knows what kind of fight he’s in. This GOP race is not about policy or electability or even raising money. Instead, it’s about Nielsen ratings or trending. It’s a minute-to-minute contest for media heat and Internet hits, where positive and negative attention are almost equally valuable.

Huckabee launched his campaign on May 5th, running on a carefully crafted and somewhat unconventional Republican platform centered around economic populism, vowing to end “stagnant wages” and help people reach a “higher ground.”

But emphasizing economic populism is the kind of wonky policy nuance that doesn’t do much to earn notice in the Twitter age. After an early bump pushed him briefly up to fourth place, Huckabee began a steady slide in the polls as the unrestrained lunacy of Trump began seizing control of the race. By late July, Huckabee’s numbers had fallen, and he had to be worrying that he would land out of the top 10.

But then, on July 25th, Huckabee gave an interview to Breitbart News in which he shamelessly invoked Godwin’s Law, saying that Barack Obama’s deal with Iran “would take the Israelis and basically march them to the door of the oven.”

The quote hit the airwaves like a thunderclap. Virtually everyone in the Eng-

lish-speaking world with an IQ over nine shrieked in disgust. The Huckster’s “ovens” rant brought MSNBC host Mika Brzezinski to near-tears on air. Huckabee even prompted an Israeli transportation minister to exclaim, *Dirty Dancing*-style, “Nobody marches the Jews to ovens anymore.”

Even in Huckabee’s own party, he was denounced. Jeb Bush, anxious to cast himself as the non-crazy, *Uncola* Republican in a field of mental incompetents, called on everyone to “tone down the rhetoric.” Wisconsin Gov. Scott Walker, known as one of America’s most dickishly unscrupulous hate merchants, said, “You’re not hearing me use that sort of language.”

But far from being deterred by all of the negative attention, Huckabee shrewdly embraced it. Much like the Donald, Huckabee swallowed up the negative press energy like a Pac-Man and steamed ahead, and was soon climbing in the polls again.

Huckabee had stumbled into the truth that has been driving the support for the

Trump campaign: That in this intensely media-driven race, inspiring genuine horror and disgust among the right people is worth a lot of votes in certain quarters, irrespective of how you go about it. If you're making an MSNBC anchor cry or rendering a coastal media villain like Anderson Cooper nearly speechless (as Trump has done), you must be doing something right.

In Rockwell City, it seemed like Huckabee was consciously trying to repeat his "ovens" stunt. He smiled as the media in attendance filed out of the presser, surely knowing we would have the "we'll see" quote up on social media within minutes.

At the event, he was glowingly introduced by Iowa Republican Congressman

Huckabee's speech tossed plenty of red meat into the grinder, explaining that America was divinely created by "providence of almighty God," which is the only explanation for the extreme longevity of the Constitution. He stepped down to hearty applause, giving way to a performance by a group of Rockwell City Republican women, who sang what they called a "rap song." There was no beat and each of the 10-odd singers was off from the next by a word or two:

People want the freedom

To make medical and personal choices!

And we want representatives

To listen to our voices!

Listening, I suddenly worried that the International Federation of Black Peo-

year basically the same gaffe-spewing yutz he was four years ago, only dressed in preposterous "smart" glasses, a deadly error in a fight with a natural schoolyard bully like Donald Trump.

"He put glasses on so people will think he's smart," Trump croaked. "And it just doesn't work!"

Perry was so grateful to even be mentioned by Trump that he refocused his campaign apparatus on an epic response, apparently in an attempt to draw the Donald into a Drake/Meek Mill-style diss war. He tossed off a 3,000-word speech denouncing "Trumpism" as the modern incarnation of the Know-Nothing movement (one could almost hear Trump scoffing, "What the fuck is a Know-Nothing?"). He

"THIS GOP RACE IS A MINUTE-TO-MINUTE CONTEST FOR MEDIA HEAT AND INTERNET HITS, WHERE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE ATTENTION ARE ALMOST EQUALLY VALUABLE."

Steve King, who revved the crowd by bashing the Supreme Court ruling clearing the way for gay marriage. King had apparently been told on good authority by a lawyer friend that *Obergefell v. Hodges* meant that only one party in a marriage had to be a human being. "What that means," he said, "is you can now marry my lawn mower."

A reporter next to me leaned over. "King's lawn mower is gay?"

I shrugged. In the modern Republican Party, making sense is a secondary consideration. Years of relentless propaganda combined with extreme frustration over the disastrous Bush years and two terms of a Kenyan Muslim terrorist president have cast the party's right wing into a swirling suckhole of paranoia and conspiratorial craziness. There is nothing you can do to go too far, a fact proved, if not exactly understood, by the madman, Trump.

ple would detect this "rap" performance from afar and call in an air strike. Sneaking out the front door, I checked my phone to see how Huck's abortion-clinic play was doing: He'd already set off a media shitstorm.

Within 24 hours, he was being denounced across the blogosphere, but he was soon riding up in the polls again, one of the few shoo-ins to get on the main stage of the August 6th debate.

IT WAS ASTOUNDING, WATCHING the other entrants try to duplicate Huckabee's feat. Former Texas Gov. Rick Perry was last seen on the national stage choking on his own face in an infamous 2011 debate performance, when he was unable to name the three federal agencies he himself had promised to do away with. He returned to the race this

decided Trump himself as a "barking carnival act" and a "cancer" that the party should "excise" for its own sake – and, one supposes, for Rick Perry's.

Trump, too busy being front-runner to notice Perry's desperate volleys, basically blew the Texan off. A week later, Perry was in a tie for 10th place in the polls. Asked if his campaign was finished if he didn't make the debate cut, Perry replied, in characteristically malaprop fashion, that making the debate was "not a one-shot pony." He ended up missing his shot, or his pony, or whatever, and was squeezed out of the debate.

Many of the entrants tried nutty media stunts to re-inject energy into the race. Kentucky Sen. Rand Paul attempted to revive his flagging libertarian-niche campaign by putting out a video. In it, the candidate appears dressed in shop gog-

THREAT ASSESSMENT THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE SCARY



WITH US

Obama unveils toughest **greenhouse-gas** regulations.

Boy Scouts finally, officially accept gay scout leaders.

Baby steps: New DEA chief admits **pot** "probably not" as dangerous as heroin.

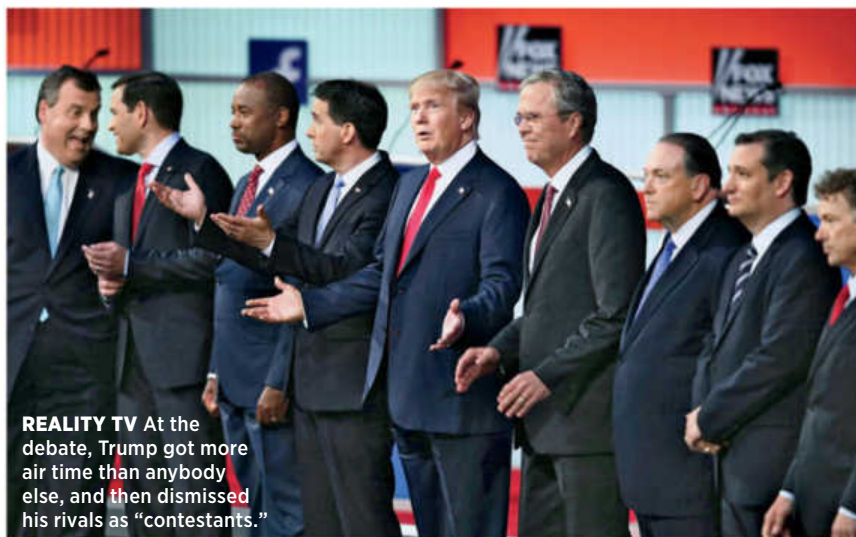
First **female coach** hired in NFL.

Potentially habitable **cousin planet** is found 1,400 light-years away.

Eight-year-old gets **double hand** transplant.

Elon Musk, Stephen Hawking call for global ban on **killer robots**.

"**Confederate Pride**" FB now "LGBT Southerners for Michelle Obama and Judaism."



REALITY TV At the debate, Trump got more air time than anybody else, and then dismissed his rivals as “contestants.”

gles and jeans, curly hair flying, chain-sawing the tax code in half. He looks like Ryan Phillippe doing a Billy Mays ad.

Then there was South Carolina Sen. Lindsey Graham, one of the few candidates with a sense of humor about how much of a long shot he is. “I do bar mitzvahs, birthday parties, weddings, funerals – call me, I’ll come,” he cracked. Once in the race, though, Graham immediately trolled Trump by calling him a “jackass,” then briefly enjoyed some press limelight when the furious front-runner gave out Graham’s telephone number to the public.

Graham responded to the blessing of a Trump insult by putting out a video celebrating his Trump-victimhood. In it, the candidate chops up his cellphone Ginsu-style, mixes it in a blender in a foul-looking yellow liquid, and whacks it with a nine-iron, or maybe a wedge (note: the Graham camp says it was a nine).

All of this actually happened. Can we be that far from candidates putting out dueling cat videos?

IN LATE JULY, IN A CRAMPED conference room of a Marriott in West Des Moines, Graham showed up to introduce himself to voters. In person, he’s an odd character, like an oversize ventriloquist’s dummy, with too-bright eyes and cheeks frozen in a half-grin.

He calls his event a “No Nukes for Iran” rally. Clearly gunning for a Cabinet post in Defense or Homeland Security, Graham is running almost a one-issue race, campaigning on being the candidate who most thinks Barack Obama’s Iran deal sucks.

Of course, all 17 of the Republican candidates think Obama’s Iran deal sucks, but Graham wants you to know he really thinks it sucks. Part of his stump speech is ripped straight from *Team America*: He thinks the Iran deal will result in “9/11 times a hundred.” Actually in Graham’s version, it’s 9/11 times a thousand.

“The only reason 3,000 of us died on 9/11 and not 3 million,” he said, “is they could not get the weapons.”

Graham would seem to be perfectly suited for this Twitter-driven race, because he

has a reputation in Washington for being a master of the one-liner and a goofball with boundaries issues who not infrequently crosses lines in his humor. “Did you see Nancy Pelosi on the floor?” he reportedly once quipped. “Complete disgust. If you can get through the surgeries, it’s disgust.”

But in person, Graham is a dud. His nasal voice and dry presentation make Alan Greenspan seem like Marilyn Manson. Still, it doesn’t take too long for him to drift into rhetoric that in a normal political season would distinguish him as an unhinged lunatic, which is interesting because pundits usually call Graham one of the “sane” candidates.

First, he firmly promised to re-litigate the Iraq War. “I’m gonna send some soldiers back to Iraq,” he said. “If I’m president, we’re going back to Iraq.”

Promising concretely to restart a historically unpopular war is a solid Trump-era provocation, but Graham then took it a step further. He pledged to solve the Syria problem by channeling Lawrence of Arabia and leading an Arab army in an epic campaign to unseat the caliphate.

Graham, a politician who reportedly once said that “everything that starts with ‘al-’ in the Middle East is bad news,” insisted he was just the man to unite the Saudis, Egyptians, Jordanians, Turks and other peoples in battle, and also get them to pay for the invasion (getting dirty foreigners to pay for our policies is another Trump innovation). “We’re going into Syria with the Arabs in the lead,” Graham said. “They will do most of the fighting, and they’re gonna pay for it because we paid for the last two.”

I looked around the room. No reaction whatsoever. An old man in the rear of the hall was picking a cuticle off his middle finger, but otherwise, nobody moved. There were reporters, but Graham’s hawkish bleatings don’t rate much in an America obsessed with Caitlyn and Rachel Dolezal and the Donald.



AGAINST US

Donald Trump’s lawyer: “You cannot rape your spouse.”

One in three **young adults** living with Mom and Dad

Japanese engineers fire 2 **quadrillion-watt death star laser**.

Unhealthy air pollution found at 36 national parks.

IOC awards the 2022 Winter Olympics to **snowless Beijing**.

World population to hit **11 billion** by end of century.

Cleveland cop **pepper-sprays** protesting activists.

In case of prisoner denied an abortion, Alabama court appoints **lawyer for fetus**.

Instead, later that same day, news leaked out that a Trump political adviser, Sam Nunberg, had once referred to Al Sharpton's daughter as a "n-----" on Facebook. This is news. It virtually obliterated all other campaign information.

Within a day, polls showed Trump surging like never before. One Reuters poll released on August 1st showed him scoring nearly 30 percent of the vote. The second-highest contender, Jeb Bush, was now nearly 20 points off the lead. When Trump completed the news cycle by giving Nunberg an *Apprentice*-style firing, his triumph was total.

IF THE CLOWNS WHO ENGAGED Trump mostly came out looking awful, the ones who didn't engage him came out looking even worse, including several of the ostensible favorites.

Jeb Bush was supposedly the smarter Bush brother and also the presumptive front-runner in this race. But on July 4th, just a few weeks after entering the race,

meanwhile defended Mexicans in general after Trump's "rapists" line, but has passed on engaging Trump's personal attacks. As a result, Rubio's support for a path to citizenship for the undocumented has stood out like a herpes sore, and he's plummeted to five percent in the polls.

The only candidate to really escape Trump's wrath has been Texas Sen. Ted Cruz, and that's because Cruz has spent the entire political season nuzzling Trump's ankles, praising the Donald like a lovesick cellmate. The Texas senator, whose rhetorical schtick is big doses of Tea Party crazy (his best line was that Obama wanted to bring "expanded Medicaid" to ISIS) mixed with constant assurances that he's the most Reagan-y of all the candidates, even reportedly had an hourlong "confab" with Trump. "Terrific," he said of the meeting, calling Trump "one of a kind."

The subterranean Cruz-Trump communiqués are a fantastic subplot to this absurdist campaign, hashtagClownCar's very own Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact.

Hispanic vote, and perhaps softened up a bit on gays and other vermin. But then the lights went on in the race and voters flocked to a guy whose main policy plank was the construction of a giant *Game of Thrones*-style wall to keep rape-happy ethnics off our lawns. So much for inclusion!

WATERLOO, IOWA, AUGUST 1ST. New Jersey Gov. Chris Christie showed up at Lincoln Park downtown to attend the Cedar Valley Irish fest, a multiday fair with street cuisine, tents full of hand-made crafts, live music and a 5K road race. In a state where a more typical event is a stale VFW hall buffet or a visit to the world's largest truck stop (the I-80 meet-and-greet is a staple of Iowa campaigning), the Irish fest is a happening scene, featuring good food and sizable numbers of people under the age of 60.

Two years ago, Christie's arrival at an event like this would have been a major political event. Back then, Christie was a na-

“TRUMP HAS PERVERSELY RESTORED DEMOCRACY TO THE PROCESS, TURNING THE RACE INTO A PURE HIGH SCHOOL POPULARITY CONTEST CONDUCTED IN THE MEDIA.”

Trump basically ended the fight in one fell swoop with a single kick in the balls, retweeting that Bush has to like “Mexican illegals because of his wife.”

With a wife's honor at stake, most self-respecting males would have immediately stalked Trump and belted him in the comb-over. But Bush stayed true to his effete Richie Rich rep and turtled. He said nothing and instead meekly had an aide put out a statement that Trump's words were “inappropriate and not reflective of the Republican Party's views.”

It was such a bad showing that the Beltway opinionators at *Politico* ran a story asking, “Is Jeb Bush turning into Michael Dukakis?” Game, set, match! Bush has been plunging in the polls ever since.

A similar fate befell Marco Rubio, the boy-wonder Republican. Rubio cruised through the early portion of the race, when voters were impressed by his sideswept, anal-retentive, Cuban-Alex-Keaton persona, rising as high as 14 percent in the polls. But then Trump entered the race and blasted the clearly less-than-completely-American Rubio for favoring a pro-immigration bill. “Weak on immigration” and “weak on jobs,” Trump scoffed. “Not the guy.”

He battered Rubio with tweet after tweet, one-liner after one-liner. Trump aides hit Rubio for having “zero credibility” and being a “typical politician” who favored a “dangerous amnesty bill.” Rubio

It could mean the two plan to run together, or it could mean Cruz will plead for Trump's votes if and when the party finds a way to beg, threaten or blackmail Donald out of the race. Whatever it means, it's a microcosm of the campaign: simultaneously disgusting and entertaining.

It's not surprising that Trump's most serious competition will likely come from Wisconsin's Walker, who is probably the only person in the race naturally meaner than Trump.

A central-casting Charmless White Guy who looks like a vice principal or an overdressed traffic cop, Walker traced a performance arc in the past year that was actually a signal of what was to come with Trump. Back in February, when addressing the Conservative Political Action Conference, Walker answered a question of how he would deal with Islamic terrorists by saying, “If I can take on 100,000 protesters, I can do the same across the world.”

Like Trump's Mexican remarks, Walker's gambit comparing American union workers to head-chopping Islamic terrorists seemed like a bridge too far even for many Republicans. He was criticized by the *National Review* and future opponent Perry, among others. But instead of plummeting in the polls, Walker, like Trump, gained ground.

The irony is that this was supposed to be the year when the Republicans opened the tent up, made a sincere play for the

tional phenomenon, a favorite to be dubbed presumptive front-runner for 2016.

Christie's the type of candidate political audiences have come to expect: Once every four years, commentators in New York and Washington will fall in love with some “crossover” politician who's mean enough to be accepted by the right wing, but also knows a gay person or once read a French novel or something. In the pre-Trump era, we became conditioned to believe that this is what constituted an “exciting” politician.

Christie was to be that next crossover hit, the 2016 version of McCain. Washington's high priest of Conventional Wisdom, Mark Halperin, even called him “magical,” and *Time* called him a guy who “loves his mother and gets it done.”

But two years later, Christie has been undone by “Bridgegate,” and the buzz is gone. When he showed up at Cedar Falls, there were just a few reporters to meet him. One of the Iowa press contingent explained to me that with the gigantic field, some of the lesser candidates are falling through the cracks. “We just don't have enough bodies to cover the race,” the reporter said. “It's never been like this.”

Christie and his wife, Mary Pat, made their way patiently through the crowd, shaking hands and talking football and other topics with a handful of attendees. It was old-school politics, the way elections used to be won in this country, but it was hard not to watch this painstaking



CIRCUS ACT Of all the candidates, Huckabee (top) has most embraced the carnival aspect that Trump brings to the campaign and has climbed in the polls. Meanwhile, old-guard pols like Christie (left) and Santorum have hit the Iowa circuit but have seen their stocks sink.

ing one-person-at-a-time messaging and wonder how it competes in the social-media age.

After the event, I asked Christie whether the huge field makes it difficult to get media attention. "Well, I've never had any trouble getting attention," he said. "I just think it's differentiating yourself. I think it plays to our strengths, because we've always worked really hard."

Right, hard work: that old saw. Later in the day, back across the state in Rockwell City, former Pennsylvania Sen. Rick Santorum played the same tune at the town's "Corn Daze" festival. Dressed in jeans, a blue oxford and a face so pious that Christ would be proud to eat a burrito off it, Santorum rushed through a speech explaining that it is in fact he who is the hardest-working man in politics.

"I just want to let you know that we've gone to about 55 counties," he said. "Last time, we went to 99. We'll probably have 99 done here in the next few weeks."

I asked how anyone can distinguish himself or herself in a field with so many entrants? "Win Iowa," he answered curtly.

Right, but how? "What happens in August stays in August," he said mysteriously, then vanished to his next event. He had,

like, 11 events in three days, far more than most other candidates.

Santorum actually won the Iowa race four years ago with his overcaffeinated, kiss-the-most-babies approach. But watching both he and Christie put their chips on the shoe-leather approach to campaigning feels like watching a pair of Neanderthals scout for mammoth. In the Age of Trump, this stuff doesn't play anymore.

Not that the old guard will go down without a fight. The much-anticipated inaugural Clown Debate in Cleveland was an ambush. Fox kicked off the festivities by twice whacking Trump, Buford Pusser-style, asking him to promise not to make a third-party run (he wouldn't) and sandbagging him with questions about his history of calling women "fat pigs" ("Only Rosie O'Donnell," Trump quipped). After the show, Fox had Republican pollster Frank Luntz organize a focus group that universally panned Trump's performance. "A total setup," one of Trump's aides complained on Twitter.

Trump didn't seem to care. Hell, he didn't even prepare for the debate. "Trump doesn't rehearse," an aide told reporters. All he did was show up and do what he always does: hog everything in sight, includ-

ing airtime. As hard as Fox tried to knock him out, the network couldn't take its eyes off him. He ended up with almost two full minutes more airtime than the other "contestants," as he hilariously called them on the *Today* show the morning after the debate. It's the scorpion nature of television, come back to haunt the "reality-makers" at Fox: The cameras can't resist a good show.

POLITICS USED TO BE A SIMPLE, predictable con. Every four years, the money men in D.C. teamed up with party hacks to throw their weight behind whatever half-bright fraud of a candidate proved most adept at snowing the population into buying a warmed-over version of the same crappy policies they've always bought.

Pundits always complained that there wasn't enough talk about issues during these races, but in reality, issues were still everything. Behind the scenes, where donors gave millions for concrete favors, there was always still plenty of policy. And skilled political pitchmen like Christie, who could deftly deliver on those backroom promises to crush labor and hand out transportation contracts or whatever while still acting like a man of the people, were highly valued commodities.

Not anymore. Trump has blown up even the backroom version of the issues-driven campaign. There are no secret donors that we know of. Trump himself appears to be the largest financial backer of the Trump campaign. A financial report disclosed that Trump lent his own campaign \$1.8 million while raising just \$100,000.

There's no hidden platform behind the shallow facade. With Trump, the facade is the whole deal. If old-school policy hucksters like Christie can't find a way to beat a media master like Trump at the ratings game, they will soon die out.

In a perverse way, Trump has restored a more pure democracy to this process. He's taken the Beltway thinkfluencers out of the game and turned the presidency into a pure high-school-style popularity contest conducted entirely in the media. Everything we do is a consumer choice now, from picking our shoes to an online streaming platform to a presidential nominee.

The irony, of course, is that when America finally wrested control of the political process from the backroom oligarchs, the very first place where we spent our newfound freedom and power was on the campaign of the world's most unapologetic asshole. It may not seem funny now, because it's happening to us, but centuries from this moment, people will laugh in wonder.

America is ceasing to be a nation, and turning into a giant television show. And this Republican race is our first and most brutal casting call.



An
C

Dr. Dre (left)
and Ice Cube



Inside
the messy,
prophetic
rise of
N.W.A.,
the most
dangerous
hip-hop
group in
the world

**By Brian
Hiatt**

Photograph by
MARK SELIGER



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DR. DRE RUBS HIS MOUNTAINOUS right deltoid through a snug black T-shirt, not quite allowing himself to wince. His shoulder hurts. He has an online radio show to record, a sort-of-secret album to mix, a call from Jimmy Iovine coming any minute. But in the middle of an overscheduled July afternoon, Dre – genre-shaping beatmaker; oft-reluctant MC; mentor to Snoop, Eminem and Kendrick; walking, bass-heavy headphone brand – exudes a leonine air of serenity and

control, as if he's executive-producing his own behavior, moment by moment. A diamond-speckled watch is on his wrist ("I think it's a Rolex – it was a gift"), and crispy white Air Force Ones are on his feet (legend has it he wears a different brand-new pair each day). He's perched on the edge of an oversize brown leather ottoman in the dim lounge of the sleek, gated Sherman Oaks recording-studio complex he just bought and remodeled, after years of renting it out.

It was, under his current circumstances, a trivial purchase. "Right now, financially, I'm so fucking good," says Dre, with some understatement. In the mid-Eighties, a couple of years before the formation of N.W.A., Andre Young was crashing on his cousin's couch; he was so broke he couldn't afford to bail himself out of jail as he collected piles of speeding tickets. Last year, when he and Iovine sold Beats to Apple Inc., Dre took home roughly \$500 million.

Witness the strength of street knowledge.

"I'm not a billionaire yet, man," Dre says. "I will be, hopefully. One day. But let me tell you something: I never have to make another dollar in this lifetime. For the rest of my life, it's just about having fun, being creative."

Dre turned 50 in February, and has had a lot of chances lately to ponder the full breadth of his life's journey. A big-studio but credibly gritty movie version of N.W.A.'s story, *Straight Outta Compton*, is out on August 14th – Dre and his former bandmate Ice Cube were deeply involved as producers, with an eye toward preserving both verisimilitude and their legacy. The film was directed by F. Gary Gray, who spent some of his childhood in South Central Los Angeles and made Cube's 1995 hood-

comedy classic *Friday*. It lifts itself beyond the standard stuff of music biopics with its attention to the realities of life in Compton and South Central in the Eighties, where it was easier to find an AK-47 than a job, where the crack trade, gangbangers and cops – under the militaristic command of LAPD Chief Daryl F. Gates – were all out

“We were in the middle of gangs, police brutality, Reaganomics, and there was nowhere to escape,” says Ice Cube.”

of control. "You had to see *why* we did the music," says Ice Cube. "You know, not just 'we were young, angry niggas out of South Central,' but why did we make those kind of records? We were living in the middle of dope dealing, gangbanging, police brutality, fucking Reaganomics, and there was nowhere to escape."

The film's most affecting scenes are unnervingly topical in post-Ferguson 2015, dramatizing the routine, dehumanizing LAPD harassment that inspired Cube to rap about cops who "think they have the authority to kill a minority" on "Fuck Tha Police," the protest song that riled the FBI and served as a harbinger of the L.A. riots three years later. "What's sad is that the 'Fuck Tha Police' record was actually 400 years late," says Cube, with a small laugh. "There's been a thousand Rodney Kings every year that we don't hear about – and just now with technology, we're able to re-

ally see these pockets of bullshit that poor people have been dealing with forever. But that shit is still usually done in the dark – and that's what makes our movie relevant today, and makes N.W.A. relevant today."

A lot of musical groups tear themselves apart quickly, especially ones overstuffed with talent and ego, but N.W.A. may have set a land-speed record. The definitive lineup – Dre, Cube, the late Eazy-E, MC Ren, DJ Yella – made just one epochal album, 1989's *Straight Outta Compton*, recorded in a mere six weeks, with production that Dre now finds primitive. "Back then, I thought the choruses were supposed to just be me scratching," he says. "We had no fucking idea how big it was gonna become. We were just trying to be stars in the neighborhood."

Eric "Eazy-E" Wright's triple role as group member, solo star and president of N.W.A.'s record label, Ruthless, combined with his close partnership with their manager, Jerry Heller, was a destabilizing force: As N.W.A. finished their first tour, Ice Cube was on his way out, feeling underpaid. Two years later, just as N.W.A. completed their second LP, *Niggaz4life* (which was musically more sophisticated but far cruder lyrically), Dre left, also grumbling about finances. "Dre was just gone," says Yella. "He said, 'I'm leaving. You wanna come?' I was like, 'Um, I'll let you know.' Until this day, I never let him know." By the time the album hit Number One, N.W.A. were dead.

The aftermath was ugly, especially when Dre and his friend the D.O.C. started Death Row Records with Suge Knight. Dre devoted chunks of his 1992 solo debut, *The Chronic* – and the

entire, vicious "Dre Day" video – to mocking Eazy ("Eric hated it," says Ren). But the surviving members insist that N.W.A. were on the verge of a reunion shortly before Eazy's 1995 death from AIDS complications. "I really thought we was mending what was broke," says Cube. "It's sad, man, because I had so much hope."

"If Eric hadn't passed away," says Dre, "we'd have definitely been working on another N.W.A. record, and it would've been amazing. Eric and I talked about how stupid we were with dissing each other."

After N.W.A., Ren began a modest solo career that continues to this day. "But, you know, it wasn't the same," says the MC, who lives quietly in Palm Springs, California. Yella, like Ice Cube, went into the movie business, albeit a slightly different segment: He produced and directed some 300 porn films before returning to DJ'ing a few years back.

Senior writer BRIAN HIATT wrote the *Rush* cover story in July.

WITH ITS THRILLING, troubling, often hilarious mix of nihilistic gunplay, casual misogyny, ghetto reportage and furious protest, *Straight Outta Compton* was both a great album in its own right and a cultural pivot point. It

ject matter straight from Ice T's "6 'n the Mornin'" and Schoolly D's "P.S.K." In 1985, one of the group's direct predecessors, Compton rapper Toddy Tee, condemned LAPD tactics in the underground hit "Batterram," named after the tanklike vehicle cops used to smash down doors without warning. And Dre, meanwhile, would

EVERYONE KNEW ERIC Wright, at least on certain blocks of mid-Eighties Compton. You couldn't miss him. He stood five feet five on a good day, with an intriguingly singular speaking voice, a high drawl buzzing through his sinuses. He kept a couple of thousand dollars in cash in his sock and usually wore sunglasses and a Raiders cap over a Jheri-curved mullet. "He was the neighborhood hustler," says MC Ren, who knew him years before N.W.A. "He had all the tight girls, money, jewelry. He was about that paper."

But when Wright was in his early twenties, his cousin was shot dead, and he began to rethink his path. His first thought was to work in the post office like his dad, and Ren says he went so far as to take a civil-service test for the job. Then a more glamorous option presented itself.

Circa 1987, Dre and Yella were members of World Class Wreckin' Cru, a DJ collective – complete with shiny, Morris Day and the Time-style suits and synchronized dance moves – that had evolved into a recording act. "When Run-DMC came to the club," says Yella, "we saw how simple their show was – wasn't even a 10-minute show – and we, like, looked at each other and said, 'We can make records.'"

Dre would wear a stethoscope onstage and whisper-rap stuff like "I'm Dr. Dre/Gorgeous hunk of a man." He enjoyed the female attention that came his way. "Dre would have one woman in my studio," recalls Cru leader Alonzo Williams, "and another one in the street spying on him at any given moment."

He thought it was funny as hell."

But Williams was nearly a decade older, with a taste for smooth R&B and old-school ideas about showbiz and respectability. Dre began looking for a way out. "We were kinda being controlled a little bit by Alonzo," Dre says. "He had the money and he heard the music a certain way that was much different than the way I heard it."

Dre had gotten to know 16-year-old O'Shea "Ice Cube" Jackson through his cousin, rapper Sir Jinx, and began calling on Ice Cube's precocious writing talents. Cube ghostwrote the danceable, Run-DMC-ish track "Cabbage Patch" for the Cru, which became a local hit. After that, Cube and Dre began collaborating on 16-bar mini-songs that Dre would include on what Cube calls "neighborhood mixtapes" – recorded versions of the scratch-heavy mixes Dre and Yella were doing for local hip-hop radio station KDAY.



Gangsta Gangsta

Ice Cube, Dr. Dre, Eazy-E, Yella and Ren, late 1980s (from left). "[Eazy] was the neighborhood hustler," says Ren. "He had the girls, jewelry. He was about that paper."

augured the coming dominance of gangsta rap and all its permutations; created, in Eazy-E, the archetype of the drug-dealer-turned-rapper, a mantle taken up by acts from Jay Z to Migos; cemented the previously shaky status of West Coast hip-hop; paved the way for *The Chronic*, Snoop Dogg and Tupac Shakur; inspired movies like *Boyz n the Hood* and reached white suburban kids by the millions without compromise. For once, it was the listeners, not the artists, who did the crossing over. "When you're hitting on the truth and striking a chord, everybody wants to be down," says Cube. "I used to bump Nirvana records, right? That dude grew up totally different from me, but he struck a chord."

N.W.A.'s rise also signaled that, from then on, rock bands were going to have a much harder time freaking out suburban parents. "We thought we were so badass," Axl Rose later said. "Then N.W.A came out rapping about this world where you walk out of your house and you get shot. It was just so clear what stupid little white-boy poseurs we were."

For all its impact, N.W.A.'s music was more evolutionary than revolutionary, arriving from a clear lineage. Their de facto first single, Eazy's 1987 track "Boyz-N-the Hood" (written by Ice Cube, produced by Dre and Yella), drew its flow and sub-

listen to Public Enemy on the way to the studio. "That was our go-to," says Dre. "I was the biggest Public Enemy fan – I think it's what inspired the aggression of N.W.A. We just took a different route lyrically."

Like P.E., Dre and Yella strived for controlled chaos in their production, layering and weaponizing soul samples. But *Compton* also showed the imprint of Rick Rubin's work with the Beastie Boys and Run-DMC – the *Compton* track "8 Ball" samples "Fight for Your Right." (The influence is even more blatant in one of Cube's pre-N.W.A collaborations with Dre, where you can hear him shout-rapping like a cross between Run and Ad-Rock.)

As he would in his future work, Dre also brought in live instrumentation in the form of funk licks from session player Stan "The Guitar Man" Jones. And for a few thrilling bars on "Gangsta Gangsta," Dre stumbles upon the sine-wave synth whine that would define his mature G-funk sound, and much of 1990s hip-hop. "I didn't know!" says Dre. "We were green as shit, still learning."

The tapes sold mostly via a hip-hop entrepreneur named Steve Yano (who died in 2014) at his thriving outdoor record store at the Radium swap meet, on the grounds of an abandoned drive-in. "It was like, 'This shit gonna be hood shit,'" Cube recalls, "so let's *talk* about hood shit," and that became our signature style." Wright, who had DJ'd parties with Dre before his drug-dealing career, heard the mixtapes and was intrigued.

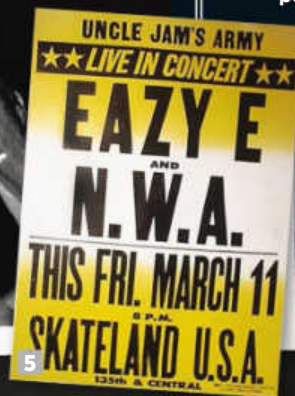
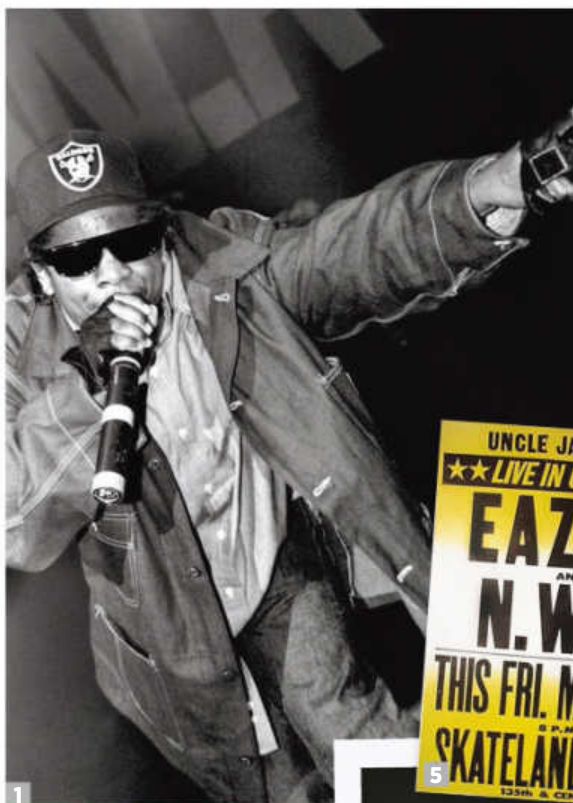
At the time, Dre was driving Williams' old Mazda RX-7, and had racked up enough tickets to earn multiple arrests. "Dre was a wild dude when he was with me," says Williams. "That car was an attention-getter, and he kept getting speeding tickets – and Dre didn't like going to court." Dre also got in trouble trying to protect his little brother, Tyree. "Dre is one of those guys that doesn't mind fighting at the drop of a hat," says the D.O.C. "He lives to knock a motherfucker out."

Eventually, Williams tired of bailing Dre out. Some versions of the story have Dre calling Wright for the money, then agreeing to repay him with production work. Dre says that never happened, but that he did approach Wright with the idea to use some of his drug money to fund recording sessions.

Dre next called upon Ice Cube to write "Boyz-N-the Hood." Sitting in his high school classes, Cube scrawled in his notebook a vividly drawn tale of a young gangsta who "knows nothing in life but to be legit." "It was neighborhood shit," says Cube, "that we all seen, heard or went through growing up." They brought the track to an ill-starred New York group called H.B.O. (Home Boys Only), who instantly rejected it. In a moment of intuitive genius, Dre came up with the idea of having Eazy-E record it, though he'd never rapped in his life. Coaching Eazy through the song, line by line, over an excruciating all-night session, Dre created a hit record, a brand-new rapper and the seeds of a world-changing group.

Williams was soon out of the picture. He admits he didn't see commercial potential in the "reality rap" these kids were recording in his studio. "The cats I worked with in the business were NAACP-award recipients," he says. "I couldn't bring them a group called Niggaz With Attitude. They'd have thrown me out the fucking window." (He's currently working on a memoir subtitled "NWA: Not Without Alonzo.")

EAZY-E WAS A CURIOUS MIX of puppet and puppet-master: He was owner and president of what would become N.W.A.'s label, but as an artist, he was at the mercy of his ghostwriters and producers. The idea of forming



Express Yourself

(1) Eazy-E in the U.K., 1991. (2) Dr. Dre's pre-N.W.A. group, World Class Wreckin' Cru. (3) From left: Dre, Iovine and Knight. (4) Ice Cube in his senior year of high school, 1987. (5) A 1988 concert poster.

a group came up while Cube, Dre, Eazy and Yella were hanging out in the studio, working on songs for Eazy; it seemed so natural that no one can quite recall who suggested it. (Yella thinks it was Dre, while in Jerry Heller's version Eazy masterminded it all.) When Cube jetted out to Arizona for nearly a year to get a certificate in architectural drafting, they brought in another rapper, Wright's friend Ren, to write rhymes for Eazy. "Ruthless Villain" was supposed to be E's song," recalls Ren. "But it was too fast for him, so when I rapped it, they was like, 'Man, you might as well just get in the group.'"

The last piece of Eazy-E's style came when Dre encouraged a nimble Texas rapper, who would eventually be known as the D.O.C., to move to California and start working with him. The D.O.C. wrote for Eazy's solo debut, *Eazy-Duz-It*, and both of N.W.A.'s albums (including Eazy's famous verse on *Compton*'s title track).

"Between me, Cube and Ren," says the D.O.C., "shit, we had all the pieces we needed to make Eazy. We made and designed that motherfucker into probably the greatest rapper ever. Because in 1988, 1989, he was rapping with my voice, Cube's voice and even Ren's voice, as if they were his own."

Completing his raid on the Wreckin' Cru stable, Eazy hired their manager, Jerry Heller, a hard-driving, hard-living music vet who had worked with Creedence, Elton John and Pink Floyd – and heard world-shaking potential in "Boyz-N-the Hood." As Heller recalls in his memoir, *Ruthless*, Eazy told him he was the first white person he'd ever spoken to who "wasn't trying to collect rent or arrest me." Somehow, the two men became friends and partners – and to this day, the other members of N.W.A. blame their business disputes on Heller, not Eazy. (Heller declined to comment for this story.)

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: PYMCA/UG/GETTY IMAGES; SETH POPPEL/YEARBOOK LIBRARY; SIMONE GREEN

After every major label turned them down, Heller got N.W.A a deal with Priority Records, an indie whose only other big act was the California Raisins. "I heard 'Fuck Tha Police,'" says Priority Records founder Bryan Turner, "and I thought, 'I'm going to scare the shit out of a lot of white people with this stuff.'"

At first, MTV and most radio shunned N.W.A, but the album sold anyway, going platinum that summer on little more than word of mouth. But the relatively innocuous "Express Yourself" finally got them airtime. They also got an unexpected boost from one Milt Ahlerich, assistant director of the FBI's Office of Public Affairs, who sent a threatening letter to Priority Records, chastising them for purportedly advocating "violence against and disrespect" of law enforcement. "It made them even more dangerous," says Turner. "So then kids were like, 'I gotta hear this record. The FBI doesn't want me to hear it!' We probably sold about a million records in conjunction with that letter."

The song led to trouble on their first major tour, with cops refusing to provide security, a matter the group members took into their own hands, toting around a duffel bag full of guns. "Fuck Tha Police" wasn't actually part of the group's set – until N.W.A were pressured by local cops not to play it at Detroit's Joe Louis Arena. "We was like, 'Man, you know what?'" says Ren. "'We're gonna do the song!'" Cops stopped the show, and the whole group was detained, though never actually charged with anything. Cube and Dre had cooked up the plan without telling Eazy, who was furious – but only because the show had ended before his segment. "He loved the attention," says Ren.

ICE CUBE HAD ONE KEY PIECE of acting advice for his 24-year-old son, O'Shea Jackson Jr., who makes an impressive movie debut playing his dad in *Straight Outta Compton*: "Don't have me frown the whole damn time!" But Cube was the angriest rapper of his generation, so a certain amount of mean-mugging was mandatory. "I know all sides of my dad," says Jackson Jr. "I had to humanize him a little bit."

Ice Cube grew up in the South Central district of Crenshaw with both of his parents in his house, plus a watchful older brother. It wasn't quite enough to keep him entirely out of trouble. "It's hard to grow up in South Central and come out squeaky-clean," says Cube, who has spo-

ken of stealing car radios and other petty crime. "All that shit is coming right to your doorstep. You either embrace it or get run over by it. Fortunately, I started doing positive shit before I really got caught up. Playing sports, doing hip-hop."

For a while, Cube was bused to a nearly all-white school in the San Fernando Valley, 25 miles from Crenshaw. "I realized, 'Dang, we really are poor. Shit. I thought we was doing pretty good! We really don't have shit in our neighborhood.' It was like going to *The Brady Bunch* or to *The Partridge Family* every day. You just see everything's better – from books to classrooms to facilities to teachers."

"Between me, Cube and Ren, says the D.O.C., 'we had all the pieces we needed to make Eazy. We designed him.'"

The experience played into his near-instant suspicion of Heller, N.W.A's manager. "He looked like one of my bullshit history teachers," says Cube, adding that he was accustomed to dealing with white people, so "there was no intimidation factor at all." (Cube does regret his use of anti-Jewish insults against Heller in his diss track "No Vaseline." "I didn't know what 'anti-Semitic' meant," Cube says, "until motherfuckers explained why it was just not OK to lump Jerry with anybody cool. But I wasn't like, 'I wanna hurt the whole Jewish race' – I just don't like that motherfucker!")

Like pretty much every young black man he knew, Cube was regularly accosted by the LAPD from a young age. "When you in the hood, they get you early," he says. "They start fucking with you when you're nine, 10, just to put that intimidation in you, you know? They'll pull you off your bike, make you put your hands on the hood. You'll be sitting on the grass, just played football, and these motherfuckers swoop up and fuck with you. It just happens all through fucking life. Fucking with you if you're bad, fucking with you if you're good – don't matter."

Cube, who was just 19 years old when N.W.A released *Compton*, got most of his

anger out in his music, but not exclusively. In the movie, after a financial dispute, his character uses a baseball bat to smash up Turner's office. "That did actually happen," says Turner, who blames himself for not agreeing to renegotiate Cube's contract. "But we had such a great relationship that I didn't feel threatened for a second." Cube was, as Turner tells it, strategic in his property damage, making a point of smashing an old TV he had been pushing Turner to replace, and leaving his glass desk alone. "I swear to God, man, I remember him looking around the room trying to look for something to break that wasn't too expensive – so he broke the TV, which we laughed about after."

These days, despite a 22-year marriage, four kids and a highly lucrative career in family-friendly comedies, Cube says he hasn't changed much. Over the course of two interviews, he never takes off his oversize sunglasses, and is initially impassive, as if he saves his considerable charisma for movie cameras. But he laughs easily, and gets downright animated, despite himself, when he digs deep into the story of his youth. "I see myself as the same kid – just old," he says. "My anger is still there. But when you're young, sometimes you don't understand shit and you just lash at it. It was easy for me to say,

'Fuck the police, fuck everything, fuck the world,' but that's not going to help you. What's going to help you is for me to say, 'Fuck the police, and here's how,' or to be the example of how to get out of the hood."

On the other hand, when he addresses N.W.A's depiction of women, he seems to channel his younger self, with rhetoric straight out of 1993. "If you're a bitch, you're probably not going to like us," he says. "If you're a ho, you probably don't like us. If you're not a ho or a bitch, don't be jumping to the defense of these despicable females. Just like I shouldn't be jumping to the defense of no punks or no cowards or no slimy son of a bitches that's men. I never understood why an upstanding lady would even think we're talking about her."

DR. DRE HAS ALWAYS BEEN more distant, more mysterious than Ice Cube. We never forgot about Dre, not even close, but we've never really gotten to know him, either. He's a fierce but stoic presence in music videos; he has never tried to hide the fact that all of his rap verses are ghostwritten (by the very best, from Cube to the D.O.C. to Eminem to Jay Z), and he has never been very talkative in interviews. So [Cont. on 66]

America's pollinators are
vanishing, and a silent spring
could become a horrifying reality.
So why won't the EPA do more?

THE BEE KILLERS

BY ALEX MORRIS

ILLUSTRATION BY JASON HOLLEY

T

HERE WAS A MOMENT LAST YEAR WHEN BEEKEEPER JIM Doan was ready to concede defeat. He stood in the kitchen of his rural New York home, holding the phone to his ear. Through the window, he could see the frigid January evening settling on the 112-acre farm he'd just been forced to sell two weeks earlier. On the other end of the line, his wife's voice was matter-of-fact: "Jimmy, I just want to say I'm sorry, but the bees are dead." ¶ By then, Doan was used to taking in bad news. After all, this was long after the summer of 2006, when he had first started noticing that his bees were acting oddly: not laying eggs or going queenless or inexplicably trying to make multiple queens. It was long after the day when he'd gone out to check his bee yard and discovered that of the



5,600 hives he kept at the time, all but 600 were empty. And it was long after he'd learned back in 2007 that he was not alone, that beekeepers all around the country, and even the world, were finding that their bees had not just died but had actually vanished, a phenomenon that was eventually named colony collapse disorder and heralded as proof of the fast-approaching End of Days by evangelicals and environmentalists alike. Theories abounded about what was causing CCD. Were bees, the most hardworking and selfless of creatures, being called up to heaven before the rest of us? Were they victims of a Russian plot? Of cellphone interference? Of UV light? Were they the "canary in the coal mine," as the Obama administration suggested, signaling the degradation of the natural world at the hands of man? Possibly. Probably. No one knew.

Even to Doan, at the epicenter of the crisis, none of it had made a lick of sense. As a third-generation beekeeper, he and his family had been running bees since the 1950s, and it had been good money; in the 1980s, a thousand hives could earn a beekeeper between \$65,000 and \$70,000 a year in honey sales alone, not to mention the cash coming in from leasing hives out to farmers to help pollinate their fields. But more than that, it was a way of life that suited Doan. He'd gotten his first hive in 1968, at the age of five, with \$15 he'd borrowed from his parents. He paid his way through college with the 150 hives he owned by then, coming home to tend them on the weekends. He was fascinated by the industrious insects. "It's just that they are such interesting creatures to watch on a daily basis," he says. "If you spend any time with bees, you develop a passion for them."

In fact, humans have felt this way about honeybees for millennia. In ancient times, they were thought to be prophetic. Honey gathering is depicted in cave paintings that date back to the Paleolithic Age. The ancient Egyptians floated bees on rafts down the Nile to get them from one crop to another. While honeybees are not native to North America, they were deemed important enough to be packed up by the Pilgrims, and crossed the Atlantic around 1622 (according to Thomas Jefferson, the Native Americans referred to them as "white man's flies"). Today, bees are responsible for one out of every three bites of food you eat and are an agricultural commodity that's been valued at \$15 billion an-

nually in the U.S. alone. They are a major workforce with a dogged work ethic – bees from one hive can collect pollen from up to 100,000 flowering plants in a single day, pollinating many of them in the process. Americans wouldn't necessarily starve without them, but our diets would be a lot more bland and a lot less nutritious.

By the time Doan got that call from his wife in January 2014, his hives had dwindled from 5,600 in 2006 to 2,300 in 2008 to a mere 275, most of which he now feared were dead. Even the hives that did survive had to be coaxed and coddled. Rather than finding their own food, they needed to be fed. Instead of averaging 124 pounds of honey per hive, they averaged nine.

At first, Doan blamed himself. "Before 2006, basically you couldn't do anything wrong," he says. "Very seldom did you lose bees unless you were a really bad beekeeper. If you lost one hive a yard, that was a lot." He racked his brain, trying to figure out what mistakes he might be making. He worried that he was letting his father

sect brains far more than those of mammals, and their application is a breeze. All a farmer need do is sow a seed coated in neonics and the water-soluble chemicals get drawn back up into the plant as it grows. Referred to as systemic insecticides, they spread through the plant, making it resistant to predators. Neonics don't require repeated applications in a hazmat suit. Rain can't wash them away – but then again, neither can your kitchen faucet (unless you're eating strictly organic, you're eating neonicotinoids all the time).

Doan knew his hives had tested positive for the neonicotinoid clothianidin, but the results had seemed dubious because clothianidin wasn't even registered for use in New York state. That's when he learned that neonic-coated seeds weren't subject to the same regulations as sprayed pesticides, meaning that seeds couldn't be treated in New York, but they could be purchased elsewhere and then planted there, with no one the wiser. Furthermore, studies demonstrated that bees exposed

to sublethal amounts of these neonicotinoids showed a loss in cognitive functions, including their ability to navigate home.

To Doan, this seemed like a breakthrough – a perfect explanation for why his bees hadn't just been dying, but disappearing altogether. He testified at the Environmental Protection Agency. He

testified in front of Congress. He was interviewed for a *Time* magazine article on neonics in 2013, the very same year a report by the European Food Safety Authority showed "high acute risks" to bees from neonics and the European Union issued a ban on the three that are most widely used. Meanwhile, the Saving America's Pollinators Act, a congressional bill introduced in 2013 by Reps. John Conyers and Earl Blumenauer that would have taken neonics off the market until their safety was more definitively proven, never made it out of committee. (The bill was reintroduced this spring, but its fate remains uncertain.)

Doan waited expectantly for the EPA to step in and address the situation: "When I first started learning about this, I'm like, 'Well, the EPA's there to protect us. We don't have to worry about this, because the EPA's here to help.'" But as the years passed and the use of neonics spread, it started to seem that maybe the EPA wasn't there to help beekeepers after all. To Doan, the mystery of colony collapse disorder deepened. He no longer wondered what was killing his bees; he wondered why steps weren't being taken to save them.

"BEES ARE TANKING, AND THIS HAS ALL KINDS OF CONSEQUENCES FOR THE ECOSYSTEM," SAYS ONE ADVOCATE. "AND WE'RE DOING MORE STUDIES?"

and grandfather down, that he was letting his son down – even though he knew that other beekeepers were struggling too. Every time a major die-off happened, he tried to regroup, taking the remaining healthy hives, dividing them in two and buying new queens to stock them, but the constant splitting meant that the new colonies were weaker and less established than the ones before. Doan grew more and more depressed. "I was just mentally exhausted," he tells me. "I mean, you have to have bees to be a beekeeper. At that point, I truly thought, 'What's the point of living?'"

Doan never really considered the possibility that the fault might not be his own until scientists at Penn State who had been testing his bees told him of news coming out of France that pointed the finger at a relatively new class of insecticides called neonicotinoids, or neonics. The first commercially successful neonicotinoid compound was synthesized by agrochemical giant Bayer CropScience in 1985, but it wasn't until the early 2000s that they began to be used extensively. Compared to older, more toxic insecticides, neonics certainly seemed to be a win-win: Though neurotoxins, they mess with in-

Contributor ALEX MORRIS wrote about runaway gay teens for *RS* last year.



IN THE PAST DECADE, NEO-nicotinoid insecticides have gone from little-known chemical compounds to the most commonly used insecticides in the world. Virtually every genetically modified corn seed and at least a third of soybeans that are planted in this country are coated in these toxins. According to conservative estimates, neonics are used on 100 million acres of American farmland, though the real number is probably much higher. More than 90 percent of corn and soybeans grown in the U.S. are genetically modified; they cover an estimated 89 million and 85 million acres, respectively. A 2012 U.S. Department of Agriculture survey found neonics in 30 percent of cauliflower, 22 percent of cherry tomatoes and in more than a fourth of bell peppers. In 2011, the Food and Drug Administration found them in 29 percent of baby food.

Neonics may have come on the scene rapidly, but their adoption is due to forces that have been at play for decades, starting with the Dust Bowl, which cleared the Midwest of many small family farms and left massive tracts of land available to be bought up cheaply. For large farms and corporations, it made the most economic sense to plant huge expanses of only one crop and to maximize the space by clearing the land of any other vegetation, a system known as monoculture. While good for business, monoculture is disastrous for biodiversity, wiping out beneficial species that need more varied habitats and diets, and also creating a smorgasbord for pests that prey on a single crop. (If every plant for miles blooms only two weeks a year, bees have nothing to eat for the other 50.)

Some of these monocultural crops rely on migratory beekeeping, a system in which hives are trucked in to pollinate a crop as it blooms and then hauled over to the next crop when the blooms are gone. Of the roughly 2,000 American beekeepers who own 300 hives or more, about two-thirds are migratory. ("Everybody knows everybody, because there aren't a whole lot of us," Doan says.) It's not a perfect system – an 18-wheeler isn't exactly a bee's natural habitat, after all, and beekeepers expect to lose a handful of their hives due to the stress of all that travel – but it's a system that's been in place in this country for decades, long before colony collapse disorder struck. Up until recently, the bees were all right.

What weren't all right were the crops. Monoculture not only provides a feast for



COLONY COLLAPSE

A third-generation beekeeper, Jim Doan (top) has seen his hives dwindle from 5,600 to a mere 275. In the face of mass die-offs (above), Doan waited for the EPA to step in and address the situation. When it didn't, he sued.

pests, necessitating the use of a whole lot of insecticide, but it is also a perfect petri dish for insects to grow resistance. Genetically modified crops were meant to be less harmful than chemical applications, changing the plant itself to ward off predators. But altering genes can only protect a plant so much. Where modifications were found to be inadequate, neonics were adopted to pick up the slack.

Chemical companies have always faced a conundrum: How do you kill the plants you don't want without killing the ones you do, and how do you kill harmful insects without killing beneficial ones? That ne-

onic insecticides can kill honeybees is not up for debate. If an unlucky bee flies into a cloud of dust kicked up when coated seeds are planted, she'll die on the spot. What is contested, however, is the severity of the effects that might arise from tiny, sublethal exposures to neonics over the course of a worker bee's six-week lifespan as she gathers pollen and nectar that is laced with trace amounts – and what happens when she brings this pollen and nectar back to the hive. A 2014 study in the *Journal of Agricultural and Food Chemistry* found that 90 percent of honey tested positive for at least one neonic, and 50 percent contained at least two. It's true that honeybees can metabolize these toxins quickly, but that also makes them difficult to detect. According to a report released in April by the European Academies Science Advisory Council, the effects are cumulative. Like an allergy, the response could get worse with repeated exposure. "It's the perfect crime," says Jeff Anderson, a beekeeper who is on the board of directors of the Pollinator Stewardship Council. "Neonics don't

necessarily kill on first exposure – they can kill many months later."

Which has been a hard concept for many beekeepers to wrap their heads around. Doan says that only about 30 percent agree with him that neonics are specifically to blame. "These beekeepers grew up with pesticides where you'd see the damage right away, and they still expect that sort of cause-and-effect relationship," Doan tells me. "People don't look at what happened two months ago as affecting them today."

And the truth of the matter is that the world right now isn't the friendliest place for bees, even with pesticides out of the picture. Since the 1980s, honeybees have been preyed on by a nasty little blood-sucking, disease-spreading mite known as the varroa destructor, and thus have to contend with the miticides beekeepers apply to hives (miticides, mind you, that have the tricky task of killing one bug that literally lives on another). Meanwhile, there's a plethora of new bee pathogens emerging at warp speed, plus ever-shrinking habitats and the aforementioned stresses of a migratory lifestyle. All of which is why entomologists like Dennis van Engelsdorp, who was part of the group that gave colony collapse disorder its name, caution against assigning just one cause to what is no doubt a complex problem. Certainly, each of these issues exacerbates the others: A hungry, stressed-out bee will be more susceptible to toxins, and eating ne-



onics has been shown to cause bees to eat less. (In fact, a recent study published in *Nature* showed that rather than avoiding neonics, as had been hypothesized, bees actually prefer them – they are related to nicotine, after all.)

Despite all these factors, Doan and many others feel strongly that neonicotinoids were the final stressor in a cascade of them, and the one that tipped the scales – and that discussion of other potential causes deflects attention away from neonics, which chemical companies are at pains to do. At the very least, the industry – particularly Bayer and Syngenta, the major manufacturers of neonics – doesn't dispel the confusion. They argue that there are more hives in America now than there were five years ago (which is true, but only because beekeepers constantly have to divide their colonies to make up for losses); that bees are thriving in a sea of neonic-infused canola in Canada ("If someone's pointing you to a study and saying, 'Look, it shows no harm,' you might want to see if it's a canola field," says Lori Ann Burd, the environmental health director at the Center for Biological Diversity. "For whatever reason, honeybees seem to experience significantly less harm in canola fields than in other fields"); and that any study that sees significant harm to bees after neonic dosing had methodological errors or used too high a dose. "The basic principle of toxicology and risk assessment is 'the dose makes the poison,'" says David Fischer, the chief bee researcher at Bayer CropScience. "Or to put it another way, all substances are toxic, but what differentiates a poison from a remedy is the dose."

Industry scientists emphasize that no one cause can explain the bee die-offs. "I don't think that we can deny that if a bee is exposed to a pesticide, there's not stress there," says Jay Overmyer, technical lead of Syngenta's Ecological Risk Assessment. "But it all goes back to the fact that there are multiple stressors, and they all have to be taken into consideration."

To assess how, or how much, neonics affect bees, many look to Europe, where the neonic ban has been in place for almost two years; yet the ban's outcome is still inconclusive, in part because of the persistence of the chemicals. Studies have shown that neonics can persist in the ground for years and that some neonic compounds break down into substances even more toxic than the parent product.

This past January, a task force of 29 independent scientists reported that they had reviewed more than 800 recent, peer-reviewed studies on systemic insecticides

and determined that sublethal effects of neonics are very, very bad for bees indeed. But Fischer, the scientist at Bayer – which reportedly made \$262 million in sales of the neonic clothianidin in 2009 alone – says that he doesn't see the study as being objective and that Bayer's research shows the opposite. "This is an inherent problem because it's very easy to spin these things in a million directions," says Greg Loarie,



TOXIC SEEDS

Scientists studying the bee deaths (top) point to a number of factors, but many agree that the rise of neonicotinoid-coated seeds, like the corn kernels above, has contributed to the steep decline in bee populations.

a staff attorney for Earthjustice. "There are ways in which you can downplay the negative and prejudice the outcome." In fact, the greatest indication of what a study will find is often who is conducting or financing it. (A press contact at Syngenta sent me studies that ostensibly showed that neonics were not harming bees: The first was conducted by Syngenta employees; the second was funded by Bayer.)

Through it all, the loss of honeybees has continued apace, with an average of 30 percent of hives dying every year. Clas-

sic cases of CCD – in which the bees literally vanish – are now relatively uncommon. These days, beekeepers often find dead bees in or near the hive, implying that whatever is killing them is doing so acutely – or the colonies slowly dwindle until there is nothing left.

SUPPOSEDLY STANDING GUARD between the tiny pollinators and the agrochemical giants is the EPA. It's the EPA's job to parse all this, and if not to fully protect the environment, per se, then at least to make sure that one particular industry doesn't ruin nature to such an extent that it too drastically hurts the bottom line of others. In 1972, revisions to the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act placed the responsibility on manufacturers to provide the safety data for the products they make, the idea being that American taxpayers should not cover the bill for tests done to products that financially benefit private companies. In practice, what this means is that the studies provided to the EPA when a product is up for approval are, by law, generated and submitted by the manufacturer of that product. Jim Jones, the assistant administrator for the Office of Chemical Safety and Pollution Prevention at the EPA, maintains that compliance monitoring is designed to keep companies honest: "They have to generate the data according to good laboratory practices, and our scientists review this." Loarie, the attorney for Earthjustice, isn't so sure. "I think there are many, many opportunities for the data to be played with," he says.

Also of concern then is the fact that agrochemical companies are not only responsible for reporting how much environmental exposure a pesticide might have, they're likewise responsible for submitting to the EPA's review the lethal dose for non-target organisms – what amount it would take to kill 50 percent of a population. "It's the fox guarding the henhouse," says Ramon Seidler, a former senior research scientist in charge of the GMO Biosafety Research Program at the EPA. "And the fox is the one collecting the eggs and bringing them to the regulators."

Even if the EPA wanted to test a product itself, the agency isn't set up that way. EPA scientists are meant to review studies conducted by others (including independent research), not to conduct studies themselves. It can take the agency two to three years to do a full review of a commercial product. "And with 80,000-some-odd of these chemicals to do?" says Seidler. "My God, it's an impossible task."

For this reason, regulators mainly consider a compound's active ingredient,



which, as the entomologist vanEngelsdorp explains, can be problematic. “There is data that the inert ingredients may be having a negative effect on colonies on their own,” he says. “Or that in combination with the active ingredient, they’re much more toxic than they were before.” Nor are regulators generally considering the combinations of multiple insecticides and herbicides sometimes coated on a single seed or how any of this might interact with the other agrochemicals applied to crops, a chemical bath that the program director for the Pollinator Stewardship Council, Michele Colopy, calls “meth in the field.”

“We do look for some obvious interactions, but you can’t test for every possible combination of chemicals that might occur out in the real world,” says Fischer. Yet it’s unclear what the agrochemical companies are testing: Because they contain “proprietary information,” the insecticides’ nonactive ingredients are not publicly disclosed.

Despite these limitations, many feel that the body of evidence against neonics is strong enough that the EPA should be taking a stand. Which raises certain questions. “Why did the Europeans put a hold on the use of neonicotinoids?” Seidler asks. “And why did the EPA look at that and stare it right in the face and say, ‘No?’” Why is the EPA not restricting neonics when another government agency, the Fish and Wildlife Service, announced that it would phase them out on national wildlife refuges by 2016?

In fact, just three days after the European ban was announced, the USDA/EPA National Stakeholders Conference on Honey Bee Health issued its report in which the potential harm posed by neonics was not mentioned at all in the executive summary. “That really got to me,” says Dr. Eric Chivian, founder and former director of the Center for Health and the Global Environment at Harvard Medical School. “There was huge international press attention that the EU banned the most widely used insecticides in the world because of concern about honeybees, and the part of the report most people read doesn’t even mention them?” At the EPA/USDA Pollinator Summit in March 2013, less than two months after the EU issued its initial neonic warnings, “Half the speakers were from industry,” says Chivian. “It would be as if the Surgeon General held a conference on the dangers of smoking and half the speakers were from Big Tobacco.”

No one is saying that what the EPA is tasked with comes easy. “Go after Congress,” Seidler says. “They are the ones who are not providing a sufficient budget for the EPA and other regulatory scientists to stay up with industry discoveries.” Indeed, the number of laboratories serving the office of the pesticide program at the EPA has dropped from a reported dozen in 1971 to two today, which means it’s very difficult for the EPA to keep pace with industry. “It’s always a challenge,” says the EPA’s Jones, who maintains that despite the difficulties, the agency is resourced and operating adequately. But according to Loarie, “They’re using 20th-century methodologies to test 21st-century pesticides. The EPA still doesn’t appreciate the extent to which systemic pesticides are different.”

With their livelihoods in the balance, beekeepers have grown frustrated with the EPA’s lack of action. “I’ve been going to Washington for years working on these issues, basically asking them to do their job, and my experience has been that general-

health have been received and appropriate risk assessments completed.” This data involves not just looking at how neonic exposure affects individual bees, but how it affects the whole hive. “To evaluate this, we had to create a completely new test,” says Jones. “It just did not exist when these chemicals were first put on the market.” But beekeepers and activists question why the agency would continue to allow any use at all if the data they have is, by their own admission, incomplete. “We wouldn’t be doing the work if I knew what the answer was,” Jones says of the new hive studies.

Then again, the EPA doesn’t have to have all the answers. Through its process of “conditional registration,” new chemicals can in certain circumstances enter the market before a company has submitted all the tests requested by the EPA. Jones maintains that a conditional approval would never be granted without “reasonable certainty of no harm.” Unlike in Europe – which operates under the precautionary principle – chemicals in America are often given the benefit of the doubt. While Seidler is quick to say that the EPA scientists he worked with were “good people, hardworking, rigorous,” he did not feel like the work they passed on to the regulatory arm of the agency was appropriately heeded. “They supported our research, they supported us within the agency, they made it very clear that we were

doing the right kinds of things that would help the regulators,” he says. “But although we provided a lot of documentation, I never became aware that our regulators ever required industry to do any of the things we thought would be relevant for them to do.” As to why the industry seems to be running roughshod over regulators, he’s more blunt: “It’s corporate greed over environmental safety – and I have to live with this knowledge every day.”

“IT’S THE FOX GUARDING THE HENHOUSE,” SAYS A FORMER EPA RESEARCH SCIENTIST. “IT’S CORPORATE GREED OVER ENVIRONMENTAL SAFETY.”

ly the agencies don’t understand, and their approach doesn’t get to the heart of the problem,” says Zac Browning, a fourth-generation Idaho beekeeper who lost 50 percent of his hives in 2009. “On the ground, we’re not seeing results.”

What beekeepers are seeing, however, is that chemical companies – and their lobbyists – seem effective at fighting off tougher standards. “The problem is that industry knocks on the door and walks in,” says Doan. “Beekeepers knock on the door, and it’s like, ‘Hold on, we’ll see you in a while.’ Industry has an open door into the EPA and beekeepers do not.”

There has been some effort to address bee mortality. This past May, President Obama unveiled a strategy to promote honeybee health that did not call for a restriction on insecticides, but did request that pollinator habitat be improved by restoring 7 million acres of land and water. “The president is ordering specific action on a bug, you know? This is the first time anything like this has happened,” says Burd of the Center for Biological Diversity.

And in April, the EPA announced that it would not approve new outdoor uses of neonicotinoids “until the data on pollinator

AS JIM DOAN DELVED DEEPER into the mystery of why his bees were dying, he wasn’t surprised to learn of the lengths big conglomerates might go to protect their bottom line and manipulate the system; he was surprised to learn how easily it seemed that the system could be manipulated. After all, bees themselves are an important commodity. It takes 60 percent of all the commercial honeybees in this country just to pollinate the almond crop in California. Pesticides may cut down on losses, but it’s pollination that increases yields. And without bees, crops would be devastated – in one province of China where [Cont. on 68]



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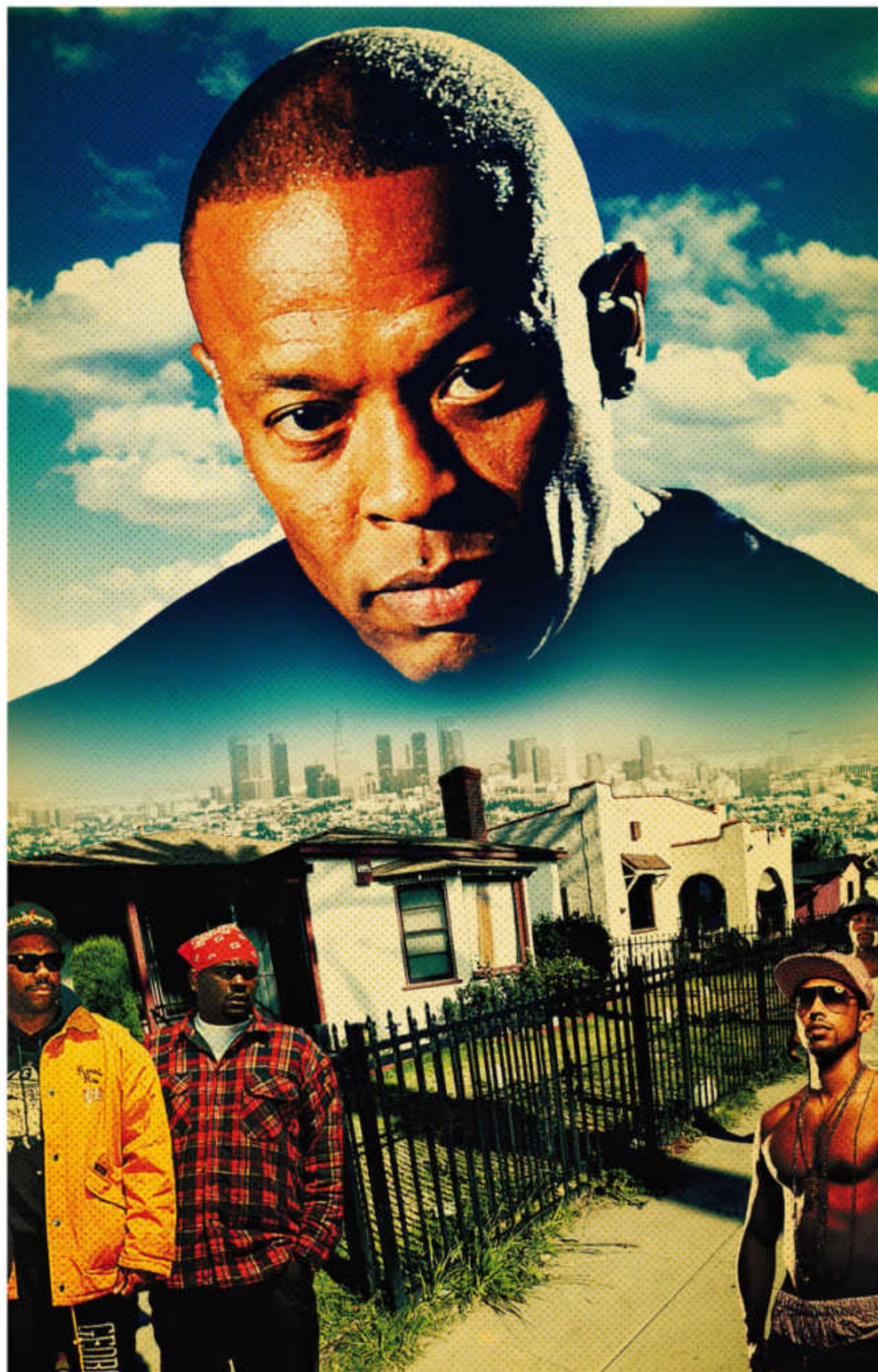
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REISSUES Pg. 60
MOVIES Pg. 63
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Dr. Dre Goes Back to 'Compton'



One of hip-hop's all-time greats sums up his legacy on a brilliant, confounding album



Dr. Dre

Compton Aftermath/Interscope

★★★★

BY JONAH WEINER

Who in the world has better ears than Andre Young? Throughout his many incarnations, the common thread in Dr. Dre's career has been his ability to hear things differently from everyone else, and his certitude that millions of paying customers will want to hear those things too. Paradoxically, he's been both prolific and patient: It doesn't seem like he's ever stopped working, and yet somehow 16 years have elapsed since his last solo LP.

For much of that time, he's said, he was working on a solo record to follow up 1992's landmark *The Chronic* and 1999's lushly raucous *2001*. The project—which grew increasingly mythical as time passed—consisted of a title, *Detox*, and little else. Now, with scant warning, Dre's solo return is upon us, with the twist that it isn't *Detox* at all. Maybe it's marketing: How could anything meet the wild expectations tied to that name? Or maybe the dream of *Detox* paralyzed Dre, and the only way to free himself was to set his sights elsewhere.

So he set them on his past. *Compton* is a companion piece to the new N.W.A. biopic, and the album's backward gaze is evident from the intro, where narration from an old TV documentary describes how Dre's California hometown went

PHOTOGRAPHS IN ILLUSTRATION BY C. FLANIGAN/FILMMAGIC; PATRICK T. FALLON/BLOOMBERG/GETTY IMAGES; NICK UT/AP IMAGES

from black-middle-class idyll to a crime-ravaged “extension of the inner city.” Dre reminisces over past indignities (“Face down on the pavement with the billy clubs...”) and glories (“...Now it’s ‘Fuck Tha Police’ all up in the club”) – but this is no dusty museum tour. *Compton* contains some of his most ambitious production ever, combining the layered bombast and narcotic ooze of his catalog’s peaks with a bunch of bold new tricks. On standouts like “Talk About It” and “Genocide,” Dre and his co-producers manage insane juggling acts between throbbing funk bass, jazz trumpet, extended high-hat solos, acoustic guitars and irresistibly pounding drums. Lyrically, *Compton* is not only vibrant but full of an indignation that suggests world-beating success has done little to lessen the vitriol that fueled Dre back in N.W.A. On “Issues,” co-starring Ice Cube, Dre declares, “Fuck money, that shit could never change me.” The line seems at once boastful and true, for better and worse: The track ends with a jarring fantasy about a woman’s murder.

Throughout, Dre’s rhyming (aided as always by co-writers) is impressive. He trades his stentorian boom for double-time syncopations and even bursts of song – Eminem and Kendrick Lamar, both of whom came, clearly rubbed off on him. The latter in other ways, perhaps: This is Dre’s most explicitly political album, featuring lines from him and guests that evoke police violence, particularly the killings of Michael Brown (“Blood on the cement, black folks grieving”) and Eric Garner (“I can’t breathe, I can’t breathe”). He’s still full of contradictions – on “Animals,” he calls himself a “product of the system, raised on government aid,” but on “Darkside/Gone,” he raps, with palpable disgust, that “anybody complaining about their circumstances lost me, homey.” It adds up to an album by turns confounding and enthralling. It’s no *Detox*. It’s something realer, and better.

LISTEN NOW!
Hear key tracks from these albums at
RollingStone.com/albums.



Blade of glory: Monroe

A Country Star’s Roots Revolution

On her third album, Ashley Monroe finds a way to make country tradition feel new again

Ashley Monroe *The Blade* Warner Bros. ★★★★★



Ashley Monroe refuses to choose sides in the feud between commercial country and the “alt” variety. Her third LP imagines a 2015 mainstream by reflecting what it once was – Loretta and Dolly in the Sixties, sure, but also Emmylou in the Eighties and Reba in the Nineties. Witness the title track, which flips a shopworn love-hurts metaphor (“You caught it by the handle/And I caught it by the blade”) into a polished ballad that bares its scars right through to the final, pained “baby.” The song is all impeccable phrasing and sweet-tea tone; its brilliance is almost a dare, refusing to dangle radio-bait carrots or Twitter-bait punchlines.

Monroe’s writing hasn’t lacked for wit – see her 2013 breakthrough single, “Weed Instead of Roses” – but *The Blade* dials it back. The giddiest numbers are “I Buried Your Love Alive,” a graveyard-rock strut that imagines the Cramps as a Nashville act, and “Winning Streak,” a roadhouse honky-tonker with Jordanaires-style backing. Yet neither masks the pain she’s grinning through. On “Bombshell,” Monroe delivers the album’s most arena-worthy moment by singing the unlikely words “I... can’t... love... you... anymore” over a triumphant build. You won’t know whether to whoop or weep. It’s a beautiful thing.

WILL HERMES

KEY TRACKS:
“The Blade,”
“Winning Streak”



Various Artists

Muddy Waters 100 Raisin’

★★★★

Centennial tribute to a blues legend and rock & roll godfather

Blues vet John Primer played in Muddy Waters’ band, and he sounds like it – he has the late giant’s slashing guitar tone and slurry vocal phrasing nailed. This handsome CD-book set of Muddy covers is his show. But the guests shine: Derek Trucks adds slither to a badass triple-guitar take on “Still a Fool”; the late Johnny Winter (another veteran Muddy collaborator) does the same on “I’m Ready.” Some tracks, like “Got My Mojo Working” (a vocal duet with Shemekia Copeland), smolder without catching fire. Others, like a drum-looped “Mannish Boy,” spark by breaking tradition. All testify to the eternal flame of a master – the original rollin’ stone.

WILL HERMES



Natalie Imbruglia

Male Sony

★★★★

A covers album from the Aussie songbird who sang “Torn”

If you always dreamed you’d get a chance to hear Natalie Imbruglia sing “I Melt With You,” your future just got a little more open wide. This Australian pop thrush broke hearts around the world back in the Nineties with her classic karaoke weeper “Torn,” and *Male* has that same lying-naked-on-the-floor vibe: Imbruglia covers 12 songs made famous by dude acts, including Neil Young, Tom Petty, Pete Townshend, Death Cab for Cutie and Zac Brown Band. The ache in her voice oddly suits Daft Punk’s “Instant Crush” and Iron and Wine’s “Naked as We Came.” The best moment is the most bizarre: Imbruglia turns the Cure’s “Friday I’m in Love” into a country hoedown, complete with a so-not-goth banjo solo.

ROB SHEFFIELD



Chelsea Wolfe

Abyss Sargent House

★★★★½

West Coast goth queen finds the heart in an ocean of dark noise

Chelsea Wolfe is an L.A. singer-songwriter with a taste for black veils and other unabashed goth affectations. But her fifth LP shows she's much more than a gimmick. Her voice is more confident than it's ever been, whether it's bathed in industrial noise on the opener, "Carrión Flowers," or backed by ghostly finger-picking on "Survive." When she sings, "My heart is a tomb/My heart is an empty room," on the loud-quiet-loud single "Iron Moon," you can see a thousand teens lip-synching dramatically in their bedrooms. There's no mistaking the real hurt in these songs – throughout *Abyss*, Wolfe uses her pain as a powerful tool, revealing the beauty underneath it. **SOPHIE WEINER**



Prince Royce

Double Vision RCA/Sony Latin

★★★★½

Latin pop star doesn't quite take the crown on first English album

On his English-language debut, Latin superstar Prince Royce aims to prove himself the crossover heir to Ricky Martin and Enrique Iglesias. The Bronx-born singer, 26, pulls out all the stops, enlisting an army of producers and guests like Snoop Dogg, Pitbull and Jennifer Lopez. But *Double Vision* lacks focus, failing to establish a clear identity for Royce: He morphs from a version of Jason Derulo (the title track) to Drake ("Dangerous") to Bruno Mars ("Extraordinary"). His voice is malleable enough, but he stands out most when he goes back to his roots. "There for You" floats along a tropical, guitar-laced groove, and "Lucky One" is all *bachata* sweetness, guaranteed to make the girls swoon. **CHUCK ARNOLD**



The Future is now.

Rap's King of Pain Drowns His Sorrows

Future plays to his core strengths on a druggy album full of blunt-force hooks

Future DS2 A1/Freebandz/Epic ★★★★★



Last year didn't go the way Future planned. The Atlanta crooner-rapper's much-ballyhooed, underperforming *Honest* failed to make him the Trap King of Pop, and his relationship with R&B star Ciara fell apart. To regroup, Future went back to the strategy that drove his 2011 come-up: flooding the market with mixtapes, one of which, *Monster*, bore a surprise hit in the woofer-busting "Fuck Up Some Commas." Or as Future tells it on his third studio album, "Tried to make me a pop star and they made a monster."

DS2 maintains some of the ragged edges and raw nerves of his mixtape work (its title makes it, technically, a sequel to a street-classic tape from four years ago). It has little of the far-reaching ambition of *Honest*, but what it lacks in bold strokes, it more than makes up for in consistency – 18 tracks, mostly produced by Atlanta trap staples Metro Boomin and/or Southside, all with addictive choruses under an umbrella of cloudy numbness. "I just did a dose of Percocet with some strippers/I just poured this lean in my cup like it's liquor," Future moans on a bonus-track standout. Who can say if his hazy, druggy lyrics are meant to self-medicate or to celebrate? What's clear is that Future has repaved his lane on his own uncompromising terms. **CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN**

KEY TRACKS: "I Serve the Base," "Groupies"

IF YOU PURCHASED BECK'S PILSNER, BECK'S DARK, BECK'S LIGHT, AND/OR BECK'S OKTOBERFEST BEER FROM MAY 1, 2011 TO JUNE 23, 2015 YOU COULD OBTAIN CASH BENEFITS FROM A CLASS ACTION

Para información en español, favor de visitar el sitio web en www.becksbeersettlement.com

WHAT IS THIS LAWSUIT ABOUT? In this action, Plaintiffs have alleged that Anheuser-Busch Companies, LLC ("A-B") misrepresented to consumers that Beck's beer is brewed in and imported from Germany. Plaintiffs alleged that Beck's beer is in fact domestically brewed but priced as premium imported beer. Defendant denies Plaintiffs' claims and charges, denies that it has violated any laws, and believes that its labeling, packaging, and marketing of Beck's beer have always been truthful and not deceptive. Your rights may be affected by this class action lawsuit entitled *Francisco Rene Marty et al. v. Anheuser-Busch Companies, LLC*, Case No. 13-cv-23656 (S.D. Fla.), presently pending in the United States District Court for the Southern District of Florida. The Court has preliminarily approved a settlement agreement (the "Settlement Agreement") that provides for settlement of this lawsuit with Defendant A-B, and has scheduled a hearing on the fairness, adequacy, and reasonableness of the proposed settlement.

WHO IS IN THE SETTLEMENT CLASS? All persons who, from May 1, 2011 to June 23, 2015, purchased bottles and/or cans of Beck's Pilsner, Beck's Dark, Beck's Light, and/or Beck's Oktoberfest beer in the United States for personal use and not for resale.

WHAT ARE THE PROPOSED SETTLEMENT TERMS? Class Members who complete and return a valid Claim Form will be entitled to a cash payment of up to \$50 per Household.¹ Claim forms are available by going to www.becksbeersettlement.com, or by calling (855) 322-4465. Further, Defendant has agreed to include the phrase "Brewed in USA" or "Product of USA" on the Beck's website and on all Beck's Pilsner, Beck's Dark, Beck's Light, and Beck's Oktoberfest bottles, cans, and consumer-facing packages that it produces and sells in the United States. For more information on the settlement, including its terms and benefits, please go to the settlement website, www.becksbeersettlement.com or call (855) 322-4465.

WHAT IS THE SETTLEMENT APPROVAL PROCEDURE? The Court has scheduled a fairness hearing for **October 20, 2015 at 2:00 p.m.** at the C. Clyde Atkins United States Courthouse, 301 North Miami Avenue, 5th Floor, Miami, Florida 33128. At the fairness hearing, the Court will consider a) whether the proposed settlement is fair, adequate, and reasonable, and b) decide Class Counsel's request for fees and costs, as well as Class Representative awards. Although you may attend this hearing in person or through your own attorney, you are not required to do so. If you are a member of the Settlement Class, and choose to remain in the class, you need not take any action, but must file a claim form to receive any of the cash benefits. If you wish to exclude yourself from the settlement (for purposes of damages claims only), you may opt-out by submitting an opt-out request in writing, postmarked by **September 29, 2015**, to *Marty v. Anheuser-Busch Companies, LLC* Administrator, P.O. Box 43368, Providence, RI 02940-3368. If you choose to remain in the Settlement Class and you wish to comment in opposition to the proposed settlement, an objection in appropriate form must be filed with the Clerk of Court, Southern District of Florida, 400 North Miami Avenue, 8th Floor, Miami, FL 33128 on or before **September 29, 2015** and served upon both of the following: (1) Class Counsel, Thomas A. Tucker Ronzetti, Esq., KOZYAK, TROPIN & THROCKMORTON, LLP, 2525 Ponce de Leon Blvd., 9th Floor, Coral Gables, FL 33134; and (2) A-B's Counsel, Stanley H. Wakshlag, Esq. KENNY NACHWALTER, P.A., 201 South Biscayne Boulevard, Suite 1100, Miami, FL 33131 4327. Further instructions on objection and opt-out procedures may be obtained by visiting the settlement website or calling (855) 322-4465.

HOW CAN I OBTAIN ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE PROPOSED SETTLEMENT? You may obtain a copy of the Settlement Agreement and the settlement approval motions and orders by going to www.becksbeersettlement.com or calling (855) 322-4465. All questions you may have concerning the Settlement Agreement or this Notice should be directed to Class Counsel. Please DO NOT contact the Court.

¹ A "Household" means family members, or extended family members, living under the same roof and for whom purchases of Beck's Beer were collectively made.



Palehound

Dry Food Exploding in Sound

★★★★

Boston singer-guitarist twists and turns delightfully

The latest act to emerge from a young Boston scene making rock worth geeking out over again (see Speedy Ortiz and Krill) is Palehound – a.k.a. 21-year-old Ellen Kempner, whose songs morph as unmapably as her emotions. She also plays the hell out of a guitar, but only when necessary to make her point. Her debut is antsy and ambivalently sexy: On “Healthier Folk,” she’s “watching cuties hit the half-pipe” feeling only “half-ripe”; on “Dixie,” with fingerpicking that hints at a Villa-Lobos recital, she dreams of “breasts like eyes” one moment and retches the next. Yes, she’s probably heard Liz Phair, Pavement and *Meet the Beatles*, like all of us. Now watch her go.

WILL HERMES



Rob Thomas

The Great Unknown

Emblem/Atlantic

★★★★

Reliable pop rocker doesn't disappoint on solo album

Don't let the title fool you: Rob Thomas remains a known quantity on his third solo album. While that means there aren't many surprises, the good news is he's still the same consummate pop-rock craftsman who has been making it all sound so smooth for years. Reunited with Matchbox Twenty producer Matt Serletic, Thomas piles on the hooks right from the opener, “I Think We'd Feel Good Together,” a soulful come-on. Even catchier is “Hold On Forever” – it's pure acoustic-guitar bliss. Elsewhere, the title tune is an atmospheric ballad about “driving through the valley of the great unknown.” With Thomas at the wheel, you can trust the journey.

CHUCK ARNOLD



Enchanters:
Pavement
in 1992

Lost Treasures From the Dawn of Indie Rock

Rarities set collects illuminating B sides and live tracks from the beginning of Pavement's road

Pavement *The Secret History Vol. 1* Matador ★★★★★½



Nearly a quarter-century after it was released, Pavement's 1992 debut, *Slanted and Enchanted*, is still arguably the greatest indie-rock LP of all time – an offhand masterwork of magic-hour guitar static, thrift-shop melodic charm and singer-guitarist Stephen Malkmus' poker-faced romanticism. Pavement were on an amazing run at the time, keeping their ravenous fans fed with singles, EPs and much-bootlegged radio sessions. This vinyl-only rarities set is the best repackaging that material has received. The finest 10 songs here would make for their own sublime album – opening with the noir noise candy of “Sue Me Jack,” flowing into drowsily gorgeous moments like “Greenlander” and “So Stark (You're a Skyscraper),” and ending high and lonesome with “Secret Knowledge of Backroads,” where Malkmus mumbles, “Hunter called, said to me, ‘It's not as good as the first EP.’” There's also an on-fire 1992 show, where the then-mysterious band can be heard transforming insane hype into the promise it'd spend the rest of the Nineties making good on. In 2015, it sounds like Eden. But it doesn't sound dated – mainly because so many bands are still feasting on Pavement's ideas.

JON DOLAN

KEY TRACKS:
“Sue Me Jack,”
“Greenlander”



Method Man

The Meth Lab Hanz On/Tommy Boy

★★★

Wu-Tang Clan's laid-back star is still chilling after all these years

Back in the Nineties, you didn't need a Ph.D. in Wu-Tang Clan science to get with Method Man, the Staten Island crew's laid-back, approachable, gravel-voiced pop star. Meth has found success as an actor in the 2000s – most famously as Cheese on *The Wire* – but he can still bring the pain. His first album since 2006 is a proudly nostalgic testament to the Shaolin way, full of vintage, gritty New York beats, cameos from pals like Redman (plus Wu brothers Inspectah Deck and Raekwon), and a chill, shooting-the-shit vibe: “Zero drama, I'm such a vet/No need for checkin' my cuts, just cut the check,” Meth rhymes. Hip-hop styles come and go, but Wu-Tang is forever.

JON DOLAN



Public Enemy

Man Plans God Laughs

SPITdigital

★★★★

The loudest voices in hip-hop aren't getting any quieter

“Here we come from another time,” Chuck D raps on Public Enemy's 13th studio album. In fact, PE's iconic rap radicalism is as timely as ever in the era of Black Lives Matter, and a couple of tracks here push an argument for their relevance by echoing the spacey minimalism of today's hip-hop. But 55-year-old Chuck D and 56-year-old Flavor Flav are at their best flying the old-school flag, kicking Afrocentric rage over chaotically noisy tracks like “Praise the Loud” or the low-slung funk of “Give Peace a Damn.” If their voices sound a little worn, blame the apathetic fools Chuck attacks in the Rolling Stones-sampling “Honky Talk Rules” for not heeding his message years ago.

JON DOLAN



Jordin Sparks

Right Here Right Now Louder Than Life/Sony

★★★

Squeaky-clean pop star shows she's all grown up on her fun, clubby third album

Jordin Sparks has made a career out of age-appropriate pop – catchy enough for the charts, tame enough for your parents. The 25-year-old star's first new LP in six years sees her becoming sexier, sassier and shadier with time. Taking cues from R&B upstarts like Tinashe and Jhené Aiko, Sparks focuses on singing in ways that play off the beats (many supplied by Amy Winehouse producer Salaam Remi), although she still makes time for some of her signature pop belting. On the 2 Chainz-featuring "Double Tap," she laments a thirsty Instagram lurker; the infectious "Boyz in the Hood" aims for hip-hop kitsch. A few ballads drag down the album's momentum and get lost among the bouncy club songs, which either recall DJ Mustard's sound or are actually produced by him ("It Ain't You"). Still, rays of sunshine like the reggae jam "Casual Love," featuring Shaggy, remind us that Sparks is still a girl on fire. **BRITTANY SPANOS**



Wolf Alice

My Love Is Cool Dirty Hit/RCA

★★★½

British band dances through Nineties guitar vibes of all kinds on a stacked debut

On the hidden track tucked at the end of this U.K. band's debut, singer-guitarist Ellie Rowsell strums her guitar on a demo-quality recording that recalls Liz Phair's low-fi-grail *Girly Sound* tapes from 1991. "Teach me rock & roll," she sings with breathy anticipation. That sense of open-ended self-discovery suffuses every song. Rowsell is a Nineties-guitarjunkie (see the grunge-pop seether "You're a Germ" and its "Eyes wild! Eyes wide!" chorus). But she balances the scary intensity of someone who thinks "going out and smashing windows" is a cool way to kill time with a no-big-whoop casualness about the musical styles she tries out – from the dance-y shoegaze of "Bros" to the New Wave strut of "Giant Peach" to "Swallowtail," a folkie stroll along the moors. "You can hate us all you want to, but it don't mean nothin' at all," she sings on the spacey "Freazy." Better pick your thing to hate fast. She'll be a brand-new her tomorrow.

JON DOLAN

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New Heat on a Cold War

Can a Sixties spy series find retro life on film with Superman and Lone Ranger?

By Peter Travers

The Man From U.N.C.L.E.

Henry Cavill, Armie Hammer, Alicia Vikander

Directed by Guy Ritchie

★★½

HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT the past is effing everywhere? Especially at the movies. Look at *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, a moldy 1960s TV series that comes to the screen with no *Mission: Impossible* update or makeover. That's right – it's still moldy. But in a good way. Mostly. Director Guy Ritchie (*Snatch*, *Sherlock Holmes*) is dishing out the same Cold War spy-craft audiences ate up when James Bond was a pup. The TV series was so hot that Sally Draper was seen masturbating to it on *Mad Men*. Will today's Sallys be turned on? Ritchie tries his damndest, having to stay in period (the film is a prequel to the TV show) but juicing up the action, sex and silliness.

It's tricky, navigating the casting of CIA agent Napoleon Solo and his KGB counterpart Illya Kuryakin, roles memorably created on TV by Robert Vaughn and David McCallum, respectively. Studly Brit Henry Cavill, the latest Man of Steel, who takes on Ben Affleck's Batman next year, plays Solo with a devilish 007 charm that's closer to George Lazenby than to Roger Moore. But the dude can fill a tailored suit and launch insults like verbal missiles. His chief target is Kuryakin, played by L.A. homeboy Armie Hammer, who was so good in *J. Edgar* and as the Winklevoss twins in *The Social Network* that no one blames him (that much) for *The Lone Ranger*. Hammer does a nice job spoofing Kuryakin's accent and stiff upper lip. And he and Cavill, set up as rivals, bromance their way through the global spy col-



Cavill and Hammer ride it out.

lective of U.N.C.L.E. (United Network Command for Law and Enforcement), under the bemused leadership of Waverly (a hilariously deadpan Hugh Grant). Top-secret and all that.

The script, cooked up by Ritchie and Lionel Wigram, is the usual save-the-world affair, involving a global crime syndicate and, luckily, two delicious babes (excuse the sexism, but it's the Austin Powers Sixties). Aussie knockout Elizabeth Debicki plays Victoria Vinciguerra, the evil one (you can tell by her lacquered hair and nails). And that stellar Swede Alicia Vikander is Gaby Teller, the sweet one. Or is she? Vikander, the sexbot in *Ex Machina*, is having a hell of a year. And you can see why. Gaby isn't much of a part, but Vikander makes her a live wire. Her impromptu dance with Kuryakin that ends in a wrestling match is, well, something to see. So is the movie, when Ritchie ignores the tangled storyline and goes for pure escapist retro fun. Note to millennials: No one stops to text or take a selfie. You've been warned.

Straight Outta Compton

O'Shea Jackson Jr., Corey Hawkins, Jason Mitchell

Directed by F. Gary Gray

★★★★½

THIS MOVIE BURNS SO HOT that it's bound to run out of steam. It does. But not so much that you ever want to leave its danger zone. *Straight Outta Compton* is epic, baby, an explosively entertaining hip-hop biopic that raps home truths about race and police brutality as timely now (think Ferguson) as they were during the 1980s in Compton, California. That's where five black teens – known as Dr. Dre, Ice Cube, Eazy-E, DJ Yella and MC Ren – channeled their fury into the beats of N.W.A, short for Niggaz With Attitude. The band didn't invent gangsta rap, but N.W.A were sure as shit there in the delivery room, sparked by near-constant rousting from the LAPD. Director F. Gary Gray, working from a script by Jonathan Herman and Andrea Berloff, doesn't supply halos for his protagonists. Sex, drugs and

the thug life figure prominently. Assign any soft-pedaling to the fact that Dre and Cube, now media moguls, are among the film's producers and that Gray directed Cube videos and his 1995 stoner comedy, *Friday*.

The atmosphere is charged as cinematographer Matthew Libatique creates striking visuals that pull us into the fray. Cube's look-alike son, O'Shea Jackson Jr., does a smashing job playing his dad, blending sensitivity with seething intensity. It's Cube and his buddy DJ Andre "Dr. Dre" Young (a charmingly sly Corey Hawkins) who persuade drug dealer Eric "Eazy-E" Wright (Jason Mitchell) to finance a label, Ruthless Records. Mitchell's fierce portrayal of the mercurial Eazy (who died of AIDS complications in 1995) is award-caliber, especially when he haltingly, then thrillingly, lays down vocals on "The Boyz-n-the-Hood."

The recording sessions, featuring Neil Brown Jr. and Aldis Hodge in lesser roles as DJ Yella and MC Ren, pack the vital spark of live performance. But it's Cube who puts

N.W.A on the map with his incendiary "Fuck Tha Police." The film's righteous highlight is a Detroit concert where the cops threaten to jail the bandmates and shut the place down if they sing the rap that has demonized N.W.A to Middle America. Of course they sing it. And the crowd roars. The movie is never as potent as it is in that groundbreaking moment, when artists and audiences connect. But credit Gray for tracing the group's rise and fall with dramatic vigor. The band's white manager, Jerry Heller (Paul Giamatti), instigates a rift that sends Cube on his own and Dre into an unholy alliance with Death Row Records founder Marion "Suge" Knight (a very scary R. Marcos Taylor).

Straight Outta Compton plays better when it's outside the box, showing us N.W.A power and the consequences of abusing it. Would the movie be better if it didn't sidestep the band's misogyny, gay-bashing and malicious infighting? No shit. But what stands is an amazement, an electrifying piece of hip-hop history that speaks urgently to right now.

Grandma

Lily Tomlin

Directed by Paul Weitz

★★★

LILY TOMLIN WORKS MIRACLES. She's comedy royalty whose best films (*Nashville*, *The Late Show*, *All of Me* and *I Heart Huckabees*) always cut deeper than a smile. But no Oscar. Maybe *Grandma* will do the trick. It's a Tomlin tour de force. Don't get any ideas that Tomlin, 75, is playing some sweet old dearie fighting senility or terminal illness. Writer-director Paul Weitz (*American Pie*, *About a Boy*) plays to her strengths. As Elle Reid, a celebrated poet with a mouth on her, Tomlin takes on the world like the hypocrisy pit it is. Her longtime lesbian lover has died, and she's just shown the door to a new, younger version (Judy Greer). That's when Elle's teen granddaughter, Sage (Julia Garner), announces she's pregnant. The film, a scrappy delight, is a no-bull hunt for "a reasonably priced abortion," bringing broke Grandma in contact with the baby daddy

(Nat Wolff, a hoot), Sage's mom (Marcia Gay Harden, wow) and Karl (a superb Sam Elliott), a love from Elle's past. Each encounter opens up feelings that Elle can't laugh off. Tomlin, the sorceress, leaves you dazzled and devastated.



(1) Garner, Tomlin in *Grandma*. (2) Gerwig, Kirke link up in *Mistress America*. (3) Streep rocks in *Ricki and the Flash*. (4) Wiig, Powley and Skarsgård in *The Diary of a Teenage Girl*.

sign, aerobics, restaurants and whatever else can absorb her manic energy. If Brooke got off the fast track and took a good look at herself, she'd scream. Her latest distraction is Tracy (Lola Kirke), a freshman at Barnard whose mother is set

Ricki and the Flash

Meryl Streep

Directed by Jonathan Demme

★★★

IT'S A KICK WATCHING Meryl Streep rock out on guitar and vocals in *Ricki and the Flash*. Streep's Ricki Rendazzo dumps her family to play bars with the Flash, a cover band made of bona fide musicians. That's drummer Joe Vitale, keyboardist Bernie Worrell and bassist Rick Rosas, with Rick Springfield on guitar to play lover-boy Greg. Ricki is no star, and director Jonathan Demme, with music in his DNA, offers a heartfelt salute to those who play the underside of rock & roll because, well, they have to. Too bad the rest of the movie, with a script by Diablo Cody, is dime-a-dozen family soap opera. It helps that Kevin Kline excels as Ricki's ex, and Mamie Gummer, Streep's real-life daughter, imbues the fictional version with rare grit and grace. Otherwise, too many wrong notes.

The Diary of a Teenage Girl

Bel Powley, Kristen Wiig

Directed by Marielle Heller

★★★½

IT BEGINS WITH 15-YEAR-OLD Minnie Goetz exulting, "I just had sex." In *The Diary of a Teenage Girl*—a riveting, resonant first feature from Marielle Heller, with a breakout star performance from Brit actress Bel Powley, 23, as Minnie—you exult along with her. Set in bohemian San Francisco in 1976, the film is based on Phoebe Gloeckner's autobiographical novel published in words and drawings. Heller uses animation to duplicate the effect. We're in Minnie's head, with all its whirling confusions. So much for adult grumbling that *Diary* condones pedophilia because Minnie lost her virginity to an older dude (Alexander Skarsgård, excellent), the lover of her mom (Kristen Wiig). Heller's film is saying that this is what it feels like for a girl. Deal with it. Powley is sensational, expertly blending hilarity and heartbreak. Her scenes with Wiig, sublime in her hard-won gravity, are unique and unforgettable. Just like the movie.



Mistress America

Greta Gerwig, Lola Kirke

Directed by Noah Baumbach

★★★

UNITE, ENTHUSIASTS OF *Frances Ha*—director Noah Baumbach and his shining star and co-writer, Greta Gerwig, have reteamed to create a screwball diversion that vibrates with smarts, sexiness and comic desperation. That's *Mistress America*, starring the delectable Gerwig as Brooke, a Manhattan dynamo in de-

to marry Brooke's dad. Disaster? You bet. But not before Brooke and Tracy exploit each other and end up at the Connecticut home of Brooke's ex-fiance, where the full cast of characters converges in a series of slammed doors and shouting matches. Baumbach (*The Squid and the Whale*) is clearly having a blast and, as usual, packing a sting into every line. Gerwig is the mistress of all things funny and fierce, and her byplay with Kirke (*Gone Girl*) is killer. You won't know what hit you.

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[Cont. from 49] it's nearly shocking to see the human foibles of the cinematic Dre in *Straight Outta Compton*, as played by relative newcomer Corey Hawkins: In his very first scene, we watch his eyes well with tears when his mom slaps him hard across the face. Later, he sobs after learning of the death of his younger brother, Tyree; the real Dre had to leave the set when they filmed that scene.

"I have social anxiety," says Dre. "I don't like being in the spotlight, so I made a fucking weird career choice." He laughs. "That's the reason for my mystique and why I'm so secluded and why everybody knows nothing about me. I think it added to the character in the movie because people get a chance to see behind the curtain."

Large mixed-media portraits of Jimi Hendrix and Miles Davis hang in the halls of Dre's studio, and the lounge's windows show off a live room and mixing board where, in recent months, actual new beats by Dre have been coming to life. Not long ago, he quietly abandoned his solo album *Detox*, which had been first scheduled for release in 2004, then more or less every year since. "I made a record that wasn't good, and I refused to put it out," Dre says. "I had between 20 and 40 songs for *Detox*, and I just couldn't feel it. Usually I can hear the sequence of an album as I'm going, but I wasn't able to do that. I wasn't feeling it in my gut. So I really thought I was done being an artist."

But the more time Dre spent on the set of *Straight Outta Compton*, immersed in the past, the more he wanted to get back to the studio. "It just turned something on," he says. In under a year, he recorded *Compton*, a group of songs inspired by the movie that will serve as his final album as a rapper, with guest turns by Cube, Eminem and Kendrick Lamar. "This is absolutely it for me on the microphone," he says.

Dre subsists, at age 50, on a diet of "meat, vegetables and water." He begins most of his days with two to three punishing hours of exercise: 90 minutes of cardio, 30 minutes of abdominal work, the rest of the time lifting weights. But today, he spent his morning getting an MRI of his shoulder. "I had a little hiking accident," says Dre. "I have to get surgery. Just found that out a couple hours ago. So my day has sucked so far." He laughs. "Fuck it, I just gotta deal with it – get it done and get back in here and do my thing."

"I have a high tolerance for pain," he adds. "Both physical and mental." When Dre was 11 years old, he broke his collarbone in a car accident, and didn't mention the injury for six weeks. Out partying one night in 1992, he was shot in both legs (by "a random guy," per the D.O.C.) and went from the hospital to the studio, where he finished mixing *The Chronic* on crutches.

It was the D.O.C. who first befriended Suge Knight and helped persuade Dre to leave N.W.A in '91 to form Death Row Records. Dre was still contracted to Ruthless, so Knight allegedly attempted a *Godfather*-style solution: Wright claimed that lead-pipe-wielding henchmen loomed over him in a late-night meeting as Knight (falsely) informed him that his men had a gun to Heller's head in a nearby van – and threatened Eazy's mom while he was at it. (Knight has denied this account.) Wright signed Dre's release. But he and Heller immediately filed a RICO lawsuit to invalidate the papers. As Jimmy Iovine sought to acquire Death Row for Interscope, he helped negotiate a settlement – and Eazy-E ended up getting royalties on *The Chronic*. ("Dre Day" only meant Eazy's payday," he rapped.)

Dre parted ways with Knight in the mid-Nineties, but he never would quite go away. In what may be the final chapter of their conflict, Knight showed up on

"[Death Row] was a necessary evil," says Dre. "Maybe I needed that element in my life."

the set of a *Straight Outta Compton* commercial, apparently upset at his inclusion in the movie. Instead, he ended up killing a person with his car outside a nearby restaurant, and he is facing murder charges. "It's like, 'Why the fuck does this have to happen?'" says Dre. "'Why the fuck are you coming up here?'" Now somebody's dead, and it's just so fucked up."

Despite it all, Dre considers his time with Knight as "a necessary evil. I don't think I would go back and change anything that's happened in my career, because maybe those things were stepping-stones to where I am now. Maybe I needed that kind of element in my life. The music would've sounded a lot different if I had been around a different group of people. I mean, there were a lot of deaths; it was really fucking serious. But I think something about all of that tension, anger and stupidity helped to fuel the creativity that went into making *The Chronic*, *Doggystyle*, Tha Dogg Pound's album *Dogg Food*, and *All Eyez on Me* for Tupac."

The movie alludes, barely, to the infamous 1991 incident when Dre assaulted TV host Dee Barnes, and doesn't delve into fresh allegations by his then-girlfriend, R&B singer Michelle, that Dre was abusive – she's accused him of breaking her nose and ribs and blackening her eyes. "I made some fucking horrible mis-

takes in my life," says Dre. "I was young, fucking stupid. I would say all the allegations aren't true – some of them are. Those are some of the things that I would like to take back. It was really fucked up. But I paid for those mistakes, and there's no way in hell that I will ever make another mistake like that again."

Dre is often a heroic figure in the movie: At one point he bravely faces off with a crowd of thugged-out partiers in the halls of Death Row Records. (Asked if that incident actually happened, the D.O.C. laughs and says, "I'm-a let you figure that out.") But Dre's most cinematic moment, a drunken high-speed car chase in his Ferrari that ended with his arrest by what seemed like half of the Los Angeles Police Department, was all too real – and led to a five-month prison stint in 1995 that he calls "the best thing that ever happened to me."


"I came out literally a changed person," he says. "After my brother passed away, I had started boozing. When I got out of jail, I backed off of all of it, left Death Row, got married, just re-evaluated my whole life. My whole plan that I decided on in jail, I put that shit in action."

DR. DRE PUTS ON A BLACK HOODED jacket and walks down the hall to the complex's other studio. It's time to record the latest edition of his radio show, *The Pharmacy*, for Apple's Beats 1, with Cube and Compton director Gray as guests, along with regulars including Cube and Dre's old friend DJ Pooh, who co-wrote Friday. Cube is wearing a new-looking N.W.A T-shirt, sunglasses and a Dodgers cap.

Everyone is sitting around a circular table, wearing Beats by Dre headphones, surrounded by cameramen. "West Coast Mount Rushmore up in here," says Pooh. The only awkward moment comes when one of the DJs mentions that Dre and Cube used their own money to supplement the budget for a couple of scenes. Dre shakes his head. "Yeah, but we're not going to talk about that," he says.

Eventually, Gray thanks them. "Seriously, you guys, I'm honored you let me tell the story," he says. "It's a snapshot of American history."

They end the show by having Cube introduce the title track of *Straight Outta Compton*. "A-yo, wassup, it's your boy Ice Cube," he says, in full hype-man mode. "You know who I'm with? My homeboy Dr. Dre. We made history in 1989." He pauses. "Dre, let them know what they about to witness."

Dr. Dre smiles, and just as he did in a recording studio 30 miles, 26 years and many selves ago, he leans close to his microphone and intones 11 words – more reverently, this time, as if he's casting a spell: "You are now about to witness the *strength* of street knowledge." 

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THE BEE KILLERS

[Cont. from 55] wild bees were eradicated, farmers have been forced to hand-pollinate their apple orchards, a painstaking, highly labor-intensive process. The USDA reports that 10 million beehives have been lost since 2006, at a \$2 billion cost to beekeepers (by contrast, in 2009 alone, the sale of neonics brought in \$2.6 billion globally). In the past year's tally, hive losses were up to 42 percent, and for the first time ever, more losses were reported in the summer, when bees typically thrive, than the winter. No one knows exactly why.

What is known is that the prophylactic use of pesticides is leading to more insect resistance. Instead of applying insecticides periodically, systemics are present from the moment the plant starts to grow to the moment it's harvested. "It's no different than the repeated use of antibiotics," says Seidler, the former biosafety researcher at the EPA. "If you use the same antibiotic every time you sneeze, you are going to select for a population of antibiotic-resistant bacteria." GMO supporters may claim that fewer insecticides are being used, but seed coatings aren't included in that tally. "When you count that in, along with other pesticides sprayed at the time of planting, the industry is not using less insecticide," Seidler says. "It's using more. Industry is trying to make the point that our farmers would be in a crisis without using those neonic-coated seeds" – or that they would have to resort to using more toxic chemicals – but the EPA's own recent study showed that growing soybeans without neonics had little or no effect on yields. "Our farmers are paying for something that's not of any benefit," says Seidler.

It's not in the interest of agrochemical companies to modify crops so that they don't require insecticides: These companies make the GM seeds, and they make the chemicals to treat the GM plants once bugs and weeds develop resistance. "These are not purveyors of seeds, per se," says Seidler. "They are chemical companies, and chemical companies get profits by selling chemicals. So they have an internal conflict of interest. Don't expect them to be using less and less chemicals – that does not fit their business plan."

Of course, any ideology, whether it's capitalism or environmentalism, has the potential to be biased, and when it comes to the plight of the bees, it's tempting to have someone or something to blame. It's possible that in time, neonics could prove to be a limited factor in bee die-offs, a single leak in a sinking ship, as entomologist May Berenbaum has put it. But right now, the best that can be said of these chemicals is that we are pumping toxins into our environment without understanding exactly what implications they have. "If you take your car to 10 mechanics, and eight tell you that you urgently need to replace

your brakes, are you really going to wait for two more to call you back?" asks Burd. "Our pollinators are tanking, and this has all kinds of consequences for humans and the ecosystem. And we're going to do more studies?"

Indeed, bees are not the only stakeholders in determining the non-target effects of neonics. They are what's referred to as an "indicator species": They provide a glimpse into broader environmental impacts, and because commercial honeybees are economic commodities, we pay attention to them in a way we don't to other insects. Yet if honeybees are suffering, native pollinators are suffering too. In a study published in *Nature* this past April, honeybee populations exposed to field-realistic doses of neonics were not harmed in the short term, but wild-bee density was reduced by half, indicating that they are especially vulnerable. Other studies show that neonics are affecting earthworms, amphibians and a plethora of species at the bottom of the food chain. The chemicals have also shown up in water sources throughout the Midwest, and at levels known to be toxic to aquatic organisms if exposed over an extended time. A 2013 report done by the American Bird Conservancy found that a single neonic corn kernel can kill a songbird.

What harm, if any, they may pose to humans in the long term is unknown. "We don't have data on neonicotinoids in our bodies because they're not included in the panel of pesticides that the CDC's biomonitoring program evaluates," says Melissa Perry, president of the American College of Epidemiology and chair of the Department of Environmental and Occupational Health at the Milken Institute School of Public Health at George Washington University. "These compounds have come on the market so rapidly that they've outstripped scientific readiness."

Perry's research team recently completed a review of all the studies published in English globally on the health effects of neonics on humans and found, to its surprise, that there were only seven. Four looked at acute effects – poisonings – and only three at chronic exposure. Of those three, all of them found adverse effects on children. "There were cases of congenital abnormality, associations with suggestion of autism, associations with suggestion of heart defects, birth defects," says Perry. Nevertheless, she counsels against using three studies to draw any major conclusions. "The status of the literature is so deficient that we know practically nothing," she says. What we do know is that some neonics have been shown in rodents to cross the placenta, which has raised concerns that if a pregnant woman ingests the toxins, the developing fetus' brain could be exposed. "I certainly have spent well over 20 years of my career having to play catch-up on the next chemical," says Perry. "Do we have to

allow decades to elapse before we come to the conclusion that this is the wrong decision?" And if it is, will it be too late to repair the damage? Destroy the bottom of the food chain, and what eventually happens at the top?

WHEN JIM DOAN GOT DOWN TO Florida, where his wife had taken their 275 hives to wait out the cold New York winter, he surveyed the colonies she had given up for dead and found that some of them could be salvaged. Sure, they were ailing, but there was enough life left in them that he thought he'd give beekeeping one last shot. He made a pact with himself that from that moment, his bees would never return home, that he'd keep them away from neonicotinoid pesticides no matter what. He researched places where he could put them, places away from corn and other major GM crops, places where his bees could roam freely and mainly encounter crops that were neonic-free or organic. He leased some land in Amish country, found some safe havens in Florida. "We're never going to get 100 percent away from chemicals, because they're out here. They're in the water," Doan says. "But we can at least reduce the amount of susceptibility." Since making this plan, he says, he has been able to grow his hives up to 1,100 and has not yet experienced a serious die-off.

In 2013, he joined a collection of beekeepers who are suing the EPA, not for money, but for regulation. "When you go to the EPA and talk to them, they say, 'Well, if you don't like our decisions, then sue us.' So you have to sue them," he says. In questioning the EPA's conditional registration of the neonic clothianidin, the suit not only alleges that the agency has not met its own criteria for granting approval, but also challenges its approval process overall. Two years in, it's still in its initial stages of litigation and may not be decided for years.

Meanwhile, plans are being made for a time when perhaps bees won't be around. Scientists at Harvard have tried to make a robotic bee, while agrochemical companies are trying to develop a GM one, resistant to pesticides in the same way GM crops are meant to be resistant to herbicides. They are also touting the benefits of flupyradifurone, a new systemic pesticide that's supposed to be safer for bees because it's even more toxic, the idea being that if it kills a bee on the spot, then that bee won't transport the toxin back to the hive. But, as Doan sees it, it's not bees that will go extinct first, it's commercial beekeepers.

"I didn't want to be the person that failed three generations of Doans keeping bees. I didn't want it to end with me," Doan says. But he knows that he may not have a choice in the matter. "I mean, we want something to pass on, but I'm not sure there's going to be anything to pass on in another year or two. Just empty boxes."

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BIRDS ON A BOAT
Don Henley, Don Felder,
Bernie Leadon, Randy Meisner
and Glenn Frey (from left)



RS 196 SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1975

The Eagles' Peaceful Feeling



In 1975, the Eagles scored three Top Five singles and were packing arenas across America, but they still didn't feel like they were getting the respect they deserved. "I saw how they chafed over [ROLLING STONE's] assessment of their music," says Cameron Crowe, who wrote the band's first RS cover story at the age of 18. "They felt marginalized as a 'California laid-back' band, and they regarded the whole 'mellow L.A.' moniker as an East Coast critical prejudice." On a day off from tour, the Eagles met up with Crowe and photographer Neal Preston in Chicago and went out on Lake Michigan in a rented boat for the shoot. "It was just the band, relaxed, with eyes on the horizon," says Crowe. "Just around the bend was 'Hotel California.'"

Reviewed in the Issue

Fleetwood Mac Fleetwood Mac

Reprise



"Not only is Fleetwood Mac no longer blues-oriented, it isn't even really British: The two newest members, Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks, are American. Nicks has yet to integrate herself into the group style. Compared to Christine McVie's, her singing seems callow and mannered."

Black Sabbath Sabotage

Warner Bros.



"*Sabotage* is not only Black Sabbath's best record since *Paranoid*, it might be their best ever. Even with the usual themes of death, destruction and mental illness running throughout this album, the unleashed frenzy and raw energy they've returned to here comes like a breath of fresh air."

1975: On the Charts

Week of September 25th

- 1 "At Seventeen"
Janis Ian Columbia
- 2 "Fame"
David Bowie RCA
- 3 "Rhinestone Cowboy"
Glen Campbell Capitol
- 4 "Run Joey Run"
David Geddes Big Tree
- 5 "I'm Sorry"
John Denver RCA
- 6 "Wasted Days and Wasted Nights"
Freddy Fender ABC/Dot
- 7 "Could It Be Magic"
Barry Manilow Arista
- 8 "Fallin' in Love"
Hamilton, Joe Frank and Reynolds Playboy
- 9 "Fight the Power Part 1"
Isley Brothers T-Neck
- 10 "Feel Like Makin' Love"
Bad Company Swan Song

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